PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

OCT 16 1942

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIV. No. 604. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1942 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 181
GERMANY'S ANNIVERSARY 183
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic . . . 183
THIS ENGLAND 184
IN LIBERATED ETHIOPIA 185
THE FOUR HORSEMEN. By Freda White. 185
AIR WARFARE AND ITS SLANG. By Eric Partridge 186
SEIGNOBOS AND PERRIN. By K. S. M. Armfield-Watson 187
AUTUMN SHOWS. By Clive Bell . . 187
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . 188
PLAYS AND PICTURES 188
SERVANT OF THE HOUSE. By Sagittarius . 188
CORRESPONDENCE 188
From Anthony P. West; Sidney Dark; Richard Hope; Rev. H. C. Alexander; Dr. G. D. Boaz; Gerald Bailey; Kenneth Spence; Michael MacOwan, and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . 191
REVIEWS: Page
Short Stories. By Philip Toynbee . 192
Liberty and Despotism. By Harold J. Laski 192
Escape to South America. By G. W. Stonier 193
Paris under the Germans. By Raymond Mortimer 194
Shorter Notice 195
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 195

THE BATTLE OF INDIA

WITH the tropical rains coming to an end the Japanese may decide to launch an attack upon India within the next three or four weeks. Britain has had time to prepare a military defence since the loss of Burma, but, even so, with a disaffected country, the respected leaders of Indian opinion in gaol and sea communications by no means secure, there is no doubt that the defence against the savagely efficient Japanese forces will be difficult and precarious. At such a time the creation of an Indian Government to collaborate fully in the defence of their own country—a policy to which the leaders of Congress and of the Muslim League are alike irrevocably committed—would seem to be the first object of policy. It is this moment that the British Prime Minister chooses to make a speech which seems to have been designed to render impossible the hope of settlement in India. Its effects are already what might have been anticipated. In the United States the favourable effects of the mission of Sir Stafford Cripps have been wiped out at a stroke. In India Mr. Rajagopalachari, the brave and independent leader of Congress, who resigned on the issue of civil disobedience and who has been tireless in seeking for a peaceful solution for India ever since, has said without exaggeration that the Prime Minister's statement has done " greater harm to the Allies' cause than any single military reverse could inflict." At the same time Mr. Jinnah hastened to rescue Muslims from the damaging effects of Mr. Churchill's flattery. The Muslim League is as anxious for independence and as little inclined to act as " a recruiting sergeant " in a war for British aims as Congress itself.

Mr. Churchill's knowledge of India is based on his experience there as a young lieutenant forty years ago. His remarks were as misleading about the facts as they were deplorable in tone. Congress is vulnerable to attack on several scores; its threat of civil disobedience at a moment of crisis was foolish and precipitate. But the plain suggestion in Mr. Churchill's speech was that the gaoled leaders of Congress have been privy to the organisation of acts of sabotage designed to aid the Japanese invasion. No informed person is likely to believe the leaders of Congress are Fifth Columnists in collusion with the Japanese and to make the suggestion is to rouse passions that will not easily be quieted.

Mr. Churchill's remarks about the unrepresentative nature of Congress apply with just about as much force to the Conservative or any other political party in this country, while his remark that " ninety million Muslims are opposed to it " seems oddly irresponsible in view of the fact that the President of Congress is a Muslim, and that the Muslim League, which also rejected the Cripps proposals, is only representative of part of the Muslim community. When Mr. Churchill finally claimed as proof of the success of British Government in India that 140,000 new volunteers had come forward during the disturbances without pressure, he invited the inevitable retort from Indians that in fact there is always economic pressure in India, the poorest country in the world, while in China, where the inducement to enlist is national and social fervour, the number of fighting men to join up in defence of their country has been twenty millions.

As we consider this unhappy exhibition by the Premier we feel more strongly than ever before the lack of an organised Parliamentary Opposition to which the country would listen as a possible alternative Government. Sir Stafford Cripps, whose efforts for India were certainly sincere, is himself a member of Mr. Churchill's Government. The dispute that has arisen over his statement that his negotiations with Congress broke down as a result of Gandhi's intervention is not of great importance. But it needs clearing up. Sir Stafford has made this statement on an earlier occasion in a newspaper interview; it has been vigorously denied by Gandhi, Nehru and now, most vehemently by Rajagopalachari. During the last days before Sir Stafford's return we know that Congress was sharply divided for and against accepting Sir Stafford's proposals and that at one point not only the press, but men like Rajagopalachari themselves, believed in the prospects of success. Mr. Gandhi was not present at these sessions; if he intervened he can only have done so by long distance telephone to some individual members or member of the Committee. This historic point is not in itself important, but the dispute exacerbates and complicates an already shocking situation, and Sir Stafford would have been well advised not to repeat this charge unless he is in a position precisely to substantiate it.

We return to the core of the whole disastrous position. Whereas, when Sir Stafford went to India and even when he left, most people in India as well as in Britain believed in the sincerity of Britain's intentions; now after Mr. Churchill's speech, Indian nationalists of all kinds will take more persuading of British *bona fides*. Only a prompt change of policy would remove this disastrous impression. Mr. Amery, in an otherwise unhelpful statement, referred in high terms to the statesmanlike efforts for peace made by men like Rajagopalachari. Could Mr. Amery go a stage farther and ask the views of this able and honest Indian statesman precisely what steps he would urge in order that he might be able to form the National Government of Defence which he has throughout advocated. No one who has followed the discussions in India during the last few days can fail to be impressed by the virtual unanimity amongst the most various Indian groups and individuals, Muslim, Hindu and Christian, that a National Government is now necessary and possible in India, provided that Indian independence is conceded. Summarising some of these discussions the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in New Delhi remarks:

> "The Muslim League's position is in many respects identical with that of Congress. Both withold co-operation in the war effort until the real transfer of power takes place. In fact, every party demands a transfer of power exceeding the Cripps proposal . . . ."

We believe that if there were no doubt about the effective authority to be handed over to a National Government it would not be impossible even now, under the threat of Japanese invasion, to form in India a Government in which not all, but most of the leading and most representative Hindus and Muslims could co-operate. But it would have to be a Government and not a Viceroy's Council.

The Battle of Bombing

Just two years ago the Germans lost the Battle of Britain. Technically and in personnel the R.A.F. was better than the *Luftwaffe*. In 1942 the bombing offensive comes from this country. Other fronts and other forms of production have been starved that bombing might flourish. What are the results?

The reports of the neutral journalists who recently visited the bombed areas of the Rhineland all lay emphasis on the destructive value of sustained attacks on a single target over a period of two or three nights. The German A.R.P. services can usually stand up to the first attack. If it is repeated quickly they begin to go to pieces, and the supply problem becomes acute. The evidence shows that the German workers can "take it" like those of other nations. They have been told by Goebbels that not a single bomber has been withdrawn from the East for retaliatory purposes, yet the journalists agree that the general effect of the raids has been to unite them in a spirit of strong resistance. On the other hand there is no question that German war production has been delayed and dislocated. Quite a number of factories have been abandoned altogether. And the physical destruction in, for example, Cologne, has been sufficient to draw from a German official the remarkable admission that "there is very little of it left." But the general picture would certainly not appear to justify either the gloating optimism of Air Marshal Harris or the exuberant rhetoric of Sir Archibald Sinclair; and the Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Times* permits himself the hope that talk about "cracking the German morale" may now cease. When all is said and done, the bombing of Germany has been a settled and cardinal feature of our policy and strategy for over three years. To the construction of our heavy bomber force much time, material and labour have been devoted; and much of importance subordinated. We were assured by the Air Ministry last spring that our attacks would be on a scale and of an intensity sufficient to take some at least of the weight off Russia, and that thousand-bomber raids would cease to be a rare occurrence. Judged by these standards, the summer campaign of 1942 has failed to come up to expectations. Why? The weather has no doubt been partly responsible. But North Sea weather is no new thing, and is unlikely to improve. The deduction must fairly be made that we do not yet possess a sufficient number of heavy bombers to carry out the policy on which the Government decided to specialise. Bombing by itself is an illusion; it should be part of combined operations.

The Speer Plan

The Speer plan, by which Germany is going all out to win the war this year, is now in full operation in the occupied countries. The Nazi aim is to replace a quarter of German man-power in the factories by foreign labour. The scheme in itself is eloquent of a race against time, for no despotic government, except for what it thinks is a short period, will bring twenty-five per cent. of enemy labour to add to existing difficulties in its workshops. The screw is being put on everywhere: Luxemburg is now openly annexed: the men of Alsace-Lorraine are being called up for military service. France is being organised for wholesale labour conscription. It is possible that this might not have happened had the labour levy been a success; but it has in fact been a failure. It is reckoned that some 160,000 Frenchmen were in Germany before Laval's June speech announcing the levy; since then some 42,000 have gone. At that rate it would take ten months to reach the target of 350,000. And the rate is not being sustained; French resistance to the levy (with which Fighting French propaganda may have something to do) has been growing. The unemployed, denied insurance and starving, were the first to go, but those remaining are tougher: also the condition of the few returned prisoners has disillusioned the people about the exchange. One train, the French report, had 21 prisoners in it: 18 died *en route*, one at the station, two within three days of arrival; the whole batch had been sent home moribund with phthisis. Since the levy has failed, Laval has turned to conscription; the decrees which are tumbling off the Vichy printing presses are all aimed at the same end. *Syndicat unique*, the single trade union which will make it simpler to register the workmen in each factory; *jeunesse unique*, the single youth movement which will allow of none of the previous varieties in youthful poliitcs; both of those are especially enraging to the Catholics, who maintained separate trades unions and youth movements. (The widening breach between Vichy and the Church was indicated by forbidding the Archbishop of Toulouse to repeat his brave protest against the Jewish deportations.) Then, on Monday, compulsory work for men from 18 to 51 and for women from 21 to 35. The population is being lined up for mass labour supply to Germany. The Vichy resistance in Madagascar was no doubt ordered by Germany also. Happily this needless bloodshed ended on Wednesday with the Governor's capitulation.

China and Japan

The remarkable series of Japanese withdrawals during the last weeks has relieved the threat to Chungking. Kiangsi Province is nearly clear of Japanese troops; in Chekiang they have evacuated one position after another. Two hundred miles of important railway line are once more in Chinese hands. The Japanese are almost back where they were last May, when they began the pincer-offensive against the interior. One reason for this Chinese advance appears to be the arrival of American aeroplanes, which, though few, individually outclass the Japanese. The question remains, for what purpose are the Japanese making this large withdrawal with so small a show of fighting? It may be taken for granted that they are too stretched to run major offensives all round the Pacific. In fact, they have on balance lost sea-control in the South-East Pacific to the Americans, in the air-ocean battles which redressed the losses of Pearl Harbour; the line of conflict runs now through the Solomons and New Guinea, where a series of island struggles are being waged. This leaves the vast archipelago of the East Indies in Japanese hands—Malaya, Burma and the land approach to India, which seems likely to become a vital battlefield when, very shortly, the monsoon ends.

Left and Right at the T.U.C.

Looking back on the Trade Union Congress, one reflects how narrow were the divisions on the main issues. Circular 16, which bans Communists from holding official positions in the T.U.C. and the Trades Councils, was upheld by 2,550,000 votes to 2,137,000. The "workers' control" resolution, demanding Trade Union representation in the management of the war industries, was carried (much to the General Council's surprise) by 2,454,000 to 2,261,000. The N.U.R.s resolution on the reform of Trade Union structure was defeated by 3,085,000 to 2,153,000. These, of course, are in the main block votes on both sides, and reflect less a division of opinion among the delegates than between the big unions. The core of conservatism in the Trade Union movement now consists mainly of the unions of general workers, who once represented the advanced Socialist section; whereas the leadership of the more advanced party is in the hands of the miners, the railwaymen and the A.E.U. The general unions, having grown to an immense size largely by enrolling the less skilled workers in many industries, are in general hostile to Trade Union reorganisation, which might mean the loss of much of their following to the industrial unions, and uninterested in "workers' control," of which the skilled workers tend naturally to be the keenest advocates. It is more of an accident that the general unions are also on the right in politics, and in anti-Communist vehemence; but the things may not be so unconnected as they appear. The other point that emerges clearly is that the General Council is overwhelmingly right-wing.

Citrine in the U.S.A.

The two issues over which trouble is evidently brewing are the question of the Trade Union Act of 1927 and that of the relations with the American Labour movement. On the former point, there is general resentment at the Conservative veto on any amendment at all of an Act which is felt to be unjust and vindictive; and Mr. Churchill's insistence that the matter must be left over on grounds of "national unity" is not accepted by anyone, as it seems to imply that the Conservative Central Office is left free to veto anything it pleases on the same excuse. The T.U.C., it should be borne in mind, is not asking for a general repeal of the Act, but only for a few specific changes which do not touch its main principles, or raise acute political issues. But the Conservative Central Office, feeling assured of the Prime Minister's endorsement, is refusing to yield a single inch, and the T.U.C. is angry. The other issue on which the General Council finds itself at loggerheads with the Government is that of Anglo-American Labour relations; and in this case there is a good deal to be said for the Government's attitude. The American Federation of Labour is primarily responsible for the trouble; for it refused not only to enter into relations with the Soviet Unions but also to accept the C.I.O. as a party to its discussions with the T.U.C. The C.I.O.'s anger at this exclusion is natural; it is at least as influential as the A.F. of L. among the American workers and at the very least as enthusiastic for the war effort now that it has parted company with Mr. John L. Lewis. Sir Walter Citrine undoubtedly made a bad mistake when, on the score of past relations between the T.U.C. and the A.F. of L., he allowed the A.F. of L. to shut out both the C.I.O. and the Railroad Brotherhoods from his negotiation about unity; and it seems that the British Embassy in Washington, taking for once the equitable side, has pointed out the dangers involved in an exclusive link-up with the A.F. of L. This intervention on the Government's part has excited Sir Walter Citrine's wrath; but it appears to be fully justified. It is ridiculous in the name of wider Trade Union unity to make a close arrangement with a body which begins by deliberate exclusion of more than half the organised workers in the United States.

Service Pay

The concessions announced last week of service pay and allowances have satisfied nobody at all, and there seems to be little doubt that the Government will have to think again if there is not to be serious trouble as soon as any large number of American soldiers arrives in this country. The American soldier without dependants draws three times as much pay as the British. Soldiers from the Dominions are not quite so well off as the Americans; but their pay is in all cases much above the British level. The White Paper, with its almost fraudulent estimates of the value of what the soldier receives in kind, have made matters a good deal worse for the Government; and the anger and discontent are common to all parties. At the same time, the failure to adopt any clear policy for the regulation of spendable incomes is encouraging for the Trade Union demands; and the engineering and shipbuilding unions have now joined the railwaymen in claiming substantial all-round increases. The point is being reached at which we shall have to adopt a definite income policy, whether we like it or not; and it is pretty certain that the Trade Unions will not accept wage-stabilisation unless excess spending by richer people is effectively prevented.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this prper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readrs are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

GERMANY'S ANNIVERSARY

THEY are at the gates of Stalingrad; and yet, if you read and listen to the Nazis in these first ten days or so of the fourth year of the second World War, you cannot escape the impression that their newspaper articles, their radio talks, their banquet speeches, were all done in the attitude of men looking nervously over their shoulders, looking at some kind of a spectre. What kind of spectre? The spectre of 1918. They themselves say so. Throughout this period of "anniversary" (if one may use so gaily connotated a phrase) Nazi press and Nazi radio have harped upon the idea of 1918. They have betrayed, by their insistence that everything is different, their awareness of the deep feeling in the hearts of Germans that perhaps, *spät aber doch,* everything can turn out to be the same—or worse.

"The only formula," writes the *Schwarze Korps,*

> which could influence our calculations, would be a comparison with the first World War. That is the formula from which our enemies derive their solace. We can do them no greater favour than by using it ourselves.

From which it is fair to deduce that Old Mole is there indeed—they *are* comparing it with 1918, and the organ of the S.S. finds the comparison sufficiently odious to denounce it as a favour to the enemy.

Dr. Koppen, in the *Völkischer Beobachter,* made a similar comment, similar warning, as the first month of the fourth year opened. And the *Deutscher Nachrichtenbüro* revealingly remarked: "We cannot help looking back on the events of the first World War."

All this, of course, designed to demonstrate to anxious Germans how different everything is. Dr. Koppens, in particular, was at pains to declare that the small internal strain and weaknesses of 1918 are absent to-day. He protests quite a good deal.

The anxiety is intelligible. To explain it, one may note three points:

First, that the nightmare memory of 1917-18 is very lively among the rulers of the Third Reich. Naturally. That was, so to speak, the place where they were born. And in the years of the aftermath, with Ludendorff and Colonel Bauer, and the "Free Corps," they spent much time studying the "might have beens" of that fateful period.

Second: that the supposed security against opposition achieved by Nazi dictatorship is not complete and is in part illusory; for in 1917-18 the opposition used, but was by no means dependent upon, legal channels.

Third: that the German disgust with the last war mounted to toppling-peak precisely during the period when German armies were able to report victories on every front.

Let us—for it is of practical value at this moment—be a little more precise on these points. The Nazis understand the grave importance of 1918. We ought to consider it, too. In Imperial Germany, oppositional or "disruptive" tendencies naturally expressed themselves through the medium of the legally existing political parties. And in the Catholic Centre Party, for instance, Germany harboured an organisation whose interests and objectives were by no means exactly congruous with those of German nationalism. The Vatican's anxiety over Catholic Austria was certainly a controlling factor in the politics of Erzberger—working closely with the Vienna Foreign Office—in the spring and summer of 1917. But it would be quite mistaken to suppose that the principal trends running counter to the Government in Germany were dependent on, or originated in, the existence of these legally recognised means of political expression. On the contrary, the legal parties acted only under the pressure of social forces and mass demands originating in the circumstances and sufferings of the war.

Let us take an example: The question of war aims became one which contributed overwhelmingly to the breakdown of the "national unity" proclaimed (and in fact existing) at the outbreak of the war. Dr. Bredt, himself a member of the Reichstag, subsequently analysed at enormous length the development of this question in the Reichstag. He reached the conclusion that if only the High Command and the Vaterland Party had permitted Bethmann-Hollweg, or instructed Michaelis or Hertling, to make a clear statement guaranteeing the integrity of Belgium, the internal schism could have been limited and postponed. The Austrian Foreign Minister was of a similar opinion. But equally it was admitted that the reason for the growing importance of the war aims question in general and the declaration on Belgium in particular, lay simply in the growing war weariness of the people, the heavy casualties, the food shortage. It was this which forced the Social Democratic leaders gradually to develop in sharper form the purely academic declarations of support for "defensive war only" which they had made as early as December, 1914. It was the war weariness and revolutionary ferment in Austria which determined the attitude of the Vatican and hence of Erzberger. The question of war aims had become a symbol and a touchstone. In the eyes of the suffering people, those who refused a suitable declaration on this subject branded themselves as imperialists prepared to perpetuate these sufferings, not to ensure the "security" of Germany, but for purposes of aggrandisement. Powerfully assisted and guided by British and Communist propaganda, increasingly large numbers of German people reached a position which in 1914 or 1915 would have seemed incredible: they began to view their own imperialists in a manner not very different from that in which these same German imperialists were viewed by the common man in Britain or America. At the end of 1917—despite all the victories—it was found necessary to hold a special council at Potsdam in order to concert measures to combat popular contempt and indifference for the Royal family. There was to be special instruction in schools and photographs were to be released to the press showing the Kaiser and others in "sympathetic" poses—patting the heads of little children, for example. In February, 1918, the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* after discussions with Colonel Nicolai, head of the military press bureau, sent to the High Command a private memorandum devoted to explaining that despite all the victories, the German people wanted peace and would soon want peace at any price: that because of the activities of the extreme imperialists and their association with the High Command "hard as it must be to say so, the patriotic will of the men and women of Germany is beginning to waver."

It is a fact that the war weariness of the German people, noted by German and Austrian authorities as early as the summer of 1917, occurred at a moment when the German armies were almost everywhere spectacularly victorious, and when there were at least reasonable grounds for believing that the submarine campaign would probably starve Britain into surrender, and would certainly nullify the American declaration of war by preventing serious American military intervention on the European continent.

A "touchstone" and symbol of at least equal importance with the question of war aims was the reform and democratisation of the Prussian electoral system. This, too, became not merely an objective in itself but a crystallisation point for the discontent and profound uneasiness of a suffering people. Again, this happened at a moment when the regime could point to victories almost everywhere. And again the crystallisation of the popular feeling occurred in advance of—and to some extent in spite of—the action of the legally recognised political parties. Man-power difficulties, for instance, were enormously increased by the "ca' canny" attitude of industrial workers—and especially by the cautious attitude of the women which roused so much indignation at Army Headquarters—long before the forces of industrial opposition were strong enough to break out into open strike action on a large scale. Ludendorff complained bitterly that the fear of trouble inside Germany compelled him to keep quartered inside the country troops which were desperately needed on the fronts—and this at a time when to the outside world hardly a serious crack was visible in the façade of German power. In all this, the propaganda of the British and the Communists was declared by the German authorities to be playing a great and dangerous part.

It is curious to note that at this period, too, the rottenness of the German administration of occupied territories, the corrupt jostling for soft jobs in these lucrative—or at least relatively safe—administrations, is declared by contemporaries to have had a seriously demoralising effect both upon the official classes actually involved, and upon the onlooking public.

Privation and the awareness of terrible casualties are factors which can and do operate independently of the existence of legal political parties or a legally "free" press. They can operate disastrously when three other conditions exist also. First, that propaganda makes known to the sufferers the true facts of their position and the power of the enemy. Secondly, that the total military power of the enemy is visibly engaged in hammering the sufferers at all possible points—for without this all propaganda is useless, and with it the effect of propaganda is not merely doubled but incalculably multiplied. Thirdly, that the people should be aware that there are ways forward and out of the mess other than resistance to the last man, woman and child.

In the fifteen months of war on the Russian front the Germans have certainly lost more men killed than they lost on all fronts in the whole of the last war. And, as is attested by Mr. Howard K. Smith in his *Last Train from Berlin,* it was Russian resistance which for the first time compelled the Germans to undergo serious privations at home and sowed the fatal seed of doubt about the ultimate success of the Third Reich. The Three-Power declaration on the subject of the Second Front on the Continent of Europe this year, and all outward and visible signs of preparation to make that declaration a reality, have an effect upon German morale which can to some extent be measured by the eagerness with which Hitler, Goebbels and other German spokesmen exert themselves to deny the possibility of a Second Front and to repeat Kaiserly boasts of what will happen to the contemptible little armies of the West if they make the attempt. Conversely, of course, the utterances of those who seem still to be fighting a rearguard action against the organisation of the Second Front are of use to no one except Dr. Goebbels.

We repeat: Germany—as its official utterances prove—is hypersensitive to the dreadful comparison. It is for the United Nations, in propaganda and in action, to exploit that comparison to explosion point.

A LONDON DIARY

WHAT has happened to the Constitution and the Cabinet? A prominent Conservative M.P. remarked that the really "terrifying part" of the Churchill speech on India was the picture it conjured up of the Premier sitting up alone with Attlee into the small hours of the morning to work out a statement on India which may decide the future of this country and of Asia. This statement was concocted for hot delivery next morning by the Premier without reference to the War Cabinet or apparently the Secretary of State for India. It was delivered with the obvious gusto of a man enjoying the fight with an enemy. Partly I thought the Prime Minister was paying off an old score against Lord Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare when they defeated him on the Government of India Bill ten years ago. He seemed to be back playing a personal and party game—as if the Japs did not exist.

Perhaps the most disastrous of the blows at morale which Mr. Churchill struck by his Indian statement was his revelation that its wording had been agreed upon with Mr. Attlee. On the subject of India Mr. Attlee has long been more Blimpish than the Blimps (some of whom, by the way, know India well and talk better sense about it). He was a member of the Simon Commission and never got over the unpopularity of that body during its Indian tour. That the Leader of the Labour Party should approve a statement, whose whole spirit is obviously poles apart from every Labour resolution passed on the subject, suggests that Mr. Attlee, with all his good qualities, is now unsuited to his post. He seems to have departed almost as far from his Party as Mr. MacDonald in 1931. I think there must be many, like myself, who feel that if Mr. Attlee's position remains unrepudiated by the official Party, it would not be possible for self-respecting Socialists to remain members of the Labour Party. But I was glad to see that Mr. Greenwood was extremely uncomfortable and criticised the Prime Minister's speech in a moderate and effective way. This seems to bring things to a head. It is impossible to have the nominal leader of the Party in the War Cabinet backing a policy for which he has no mandate at all from his own party, while the Parliamentary leader of the Labour Party outside the Government attacks the Government's policy.

* * *

We expect a Conservative Sub-Committee on Education to have strong views on religious instruction in schools and to favour the retention of the old school tie as a mark of class leadership. But the remarkable thing about this report is that it states with some force the theory which Conservatism usually assumes but thinks wiser not to state. Instead of relying on the unifying force of instinctive inertia, this report risks controversy and discussion by daring to examine its intellectual foundations. The result is a document that is not in the usual sense conservative, but in the literal sense of the word "reactionary." The welfare of the State comes before that of the child. This goes back to a past before England became individualist; it looks to a future when England is to become, in a gentlemanly way, Christian Fascist. Its strength, of course, lies in the uncontrovertible assertion that higher education has tended during recent years to be only individualist and not—as education should be—related to a concept of social good; most people who want education for citizenship to be also education for an international and equal society would echo several of its propositions. But then the society which the Conservative Sub-Committee wish to stabilise and educate for is an Authoritarian national State. In conditions of international anarchy any positive concept of education easily becomes part of National Socialism.

* * *

The Brains Trust is being re-organised for the winter; the panel of resident members being extended from three to nine. This means that the old residents will be separated and each heard only at three-weekly intervals. Expansion will no doubt be defended on the ground that variety is desirable. Also, I hear that the fees are to be reduced; in order no doubt to make the same money cover a larger number of brain-trusters. But the real tussle, I fancy, is the one I referred to recently when I said that the 1922 Committee wanted to get rid of what they imagined was the "left" tendency of the Brains Trust. Huxley and Joad are supposed to be "left," which means only, I think, that they are accustomed to use their minds about public questions. Guests chosen for right wing views have seldom put up a very convincing show, and I hear that there has been more running round looking for satisfactory Conservative foils. I expect the full list will soon be announced. The names which I hear as already decided are Sir Kenneth Clark, who is an excellent choice from every point of view; Malcolm Sargent, who answers with great authority on music and with little effect on other subjects; Gilbert Murray, who years ago would have been a first-class choice, and who is still popular with almost everyone; and Mrs. Hamilton, who has been among the most successful women guests. Then there is Leslie Howard, who is pleasant and popular, if not loquacious. And there is to be one more—the unknown Conservative.

* * *

The report of the committee on the Three Women's Services contains one original proposal which has been little noticed, although it embodies an idea which has been current for some time among people interested in international affairs. Dealing with the future, the committee calls attention to the need for carefully planned demobilisation of the women after the war. Many of them, no doubt, will want to go home. But for thousands their old jobs will have vanished, and there will be no prospect of employment. The committee, however, goes farther. Considering the potentialities of these big organisations of skilled and disciplined women, it proposes that units of them should be attached to the occupying armies in Europe, and employed as auxiliaries more especially in relief and reconstruction work. There will be a heavy demand for cooks, orderlies, clerks, lorry-drivers—for as those who have done it know well, good relief must be based upon efficient routine work. There will also be ample room for the enterprise, judgment, and capacity for getting in with people which go to the making of a competent officer in the A.T.S. or W.R.N.S. The committee says: "We have no doubt that the auxiliaries would throw themselves with equal enthusiasm into the work and adventure of peace as they show to-day in the work and adventure of war." That is surely true. A large part of war activity, however devotedly women perform it, goes across the grain of their profoundest instincts, which are directed to the conservation, not to the destruction, of life. It is only sense that the women who have made that (often unconscious) psychological sacrifice, should be those who have the chance to do human and constructive service, too. They will, by hard work, have earned the reward of some more hard work: which, as a woman friend remarks, is exactly what every intelligent woman wants.

* * *

The village hall is large and pleasant, and the Clerk of the Council, who sat at the receipt of custom and kept a fatherly eye on everything, is an efficient and experienced person who knows how to let things get jolly without getting out of hand. We had heard talk of a lot of jitterbug thrills, with the girls flying hilariously over the shoulders of their American partners. Nothing of the sort. It was a really good dance. A couple of hundred couples I suppose. A few of the girls were in uniform; most of them came from the district; one had seen them in shops or working on the farms. One was conspicuous in a frock that swept the floor; most of them just had on their prettiest light dresses. At ten o'clock, when the pubs closed, the numbers rapidly increased and the dancing became hotter and more expert. There seemed to me little changing of partners; mostly the boy and the girl, or at least the boys and girls of a single group of friends, stuck together. No one was drunk; everyone seemed to be enjoying it. There had been, I was told, an unpleasing incident not long ago. The band that night contained a West African; the Americans, including these Southerners with the usual phobia, were, of course, contented enough to have the coloured soldier as an entertainer. They are used to that in the United States. But when the West Indian took the floor with the wife of one of his colleagues in the band, one of the southern American boys promptly went across the room and struck him. The band stopped; the players went to the rescue of their colleague, who was conducted out of the hall by a back way, and the show went on as if nothing had happened. But something had happened. An English soldier, who told me of this incident, was restrained but angry and puzzled. What made these Southern boys behave in this incredibly uncivilised fashion? I told him the story of slavery and liberation, the Klu Klux Klan and about present relations of white and black in the South. He listened gravely. But obviously nothing could or should change his view of the conduct of these Southern boys, which is a real barrier to the friendship which I could see happily developing between British and Americans.

* * *

I am told on fairly good authority that the ruling in one area is that if an A.T.S. girl is seen walking with a coloured soldier "she should be removed to another district for another reason."

* * *

The growth of the "near Socialist" movement in the Church of England, launched eighteen months ago by Dr. Temple at the Malvern Conference, is indicated by the fact that there have been over 20,000 applications for seats at a meeting at the Albert Hall on the 26th, at which the Archbishop, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Bristol and Sir Stafford Cripps, are to develop the Malvern message. How far, I wonder, will Dr. Temple go in his next lead to the religious world? He has always protested that he is not a Socialist, but he has criticised the profit-making basis of industry, he has condemned the "nonserviceable" ownership of land, he has demanded adequate family allowances, equality of opportunity and the raising of the school-leaving age to 18. He has called for a Christian revolution, the consequences of which can hardly be acceptable to the representatives of the possessing class, who have accepted invitations to the Albert Hall meeting. The Archbishop has gone a good way; he will surely have to go much farther still.

* * *

The *Times* has taken to summarising letters describing the efforts of their readers to deal with the fuel problem. One letter is delightfully summarised as follows:

> Strict equality of sacrifice is urged by a correspondent who has been granted 4,000 gallons of fuel oil for the next twelve months instead of the usual 5,000 gallons required for her large country house.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Dr. A. G. Falaman.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Our own problems concerning the feeding of dogs, troublesome though they may be, are insignificant compared with those in some of the countries on the Continent that are subject to Nazi domination. A resident in the South of France has written to the Tail-Waggers' Club relating some of her difficulties and how they are being overcome. Her pets are Tail-Waggers, and for that reason she writes to us, as so many owners of our members do. One's conclusion is that we are lucky not to have to live in France, whether occupied or unoccupied.—*Herts and Essex Observer*.

Said one estate owner in my hearing this week, "I won't have the foxes on my property put down, and now that I'm without keepers I can have my way. Despite my strict orders to my keepers, I believe some of them in the past destroyed foxes to save themselves trouble with game. I'm going to keep the foxes for when the boys come home from the war to enjoy their hunting."—*Darlington and Stockton Times*.

Lost, one kitchen door, finder please return to . . .—Advert. in *The Citizen* (Letchworth).

Person Wanted.—Edinburgh (near Dean Bridge), person wanted to exercise small terrier dog daily; references required.—Advt. *Scotsman*.

Inclined to be highbrow, their favourite piece is the "Warsaw Concerto."—*Hampstead and Highgate Express*.

IN LIBERATED ETHIOPIA

[From a Correspondent]

It is now just over seven months since the Anglo-Ethiopian Agreement, by which the British Government recognised the independence of Ethiopia, was signed at Addis Ababa. As is generally known, the Italians during the years of their occupation broke down the ancient machinery of government in the country and did their utmost to uproot the Ethiopian sense of freedom and independence by destroying practically everything that reminded them of their long history, their traditions and customs, and above all by slaughtering as many of their leaders and potential leaders as they could lay their hands on. They fondly hoped that by this policy of studied terrorism they might reduce the Ethiopian people to a state of abject servitude, making them hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Italian "herrenvolk," who were to be ennobled as soon as they set foot on Ethiopian soil. But the Ethiopian people seem to hold the view of their Emperor, who said in July 1935, on the eve of Italian invasion: "It is better to die free than to live in slavery."

For five long years, in which the Italians have done what they liked with Ethiopia, there followed a difficult and uncertain period of nine months after the return of the Emperor to Addis Ababa on May 5, 1941, when a kind of dual administration was set up in Ethiopia between the British forces and the Emperor. The British forces, who arrived in the capital a month before the Emperor, seemed to consider Ethiopia as occupied enemy territory, while the Emperor naturally regarded himself and his people as allies fighting the forces of aggression. Friction was inevitable; but with the exercise of patience and good will on both sides a temporary agreement was at last reached and signed at the end of January last. After the signature of the agreement the new Ethiopian administration, which was gradually taking shape all through the months of dual control, began its work in earnest, and has made rapid strides in the past seven months, while the British forces have gradually withdrawn, taking the Italian invaders with them in accordance with the terms of the agreement. The new Ministers chosen by the Emperor are all men under fifty whom he can trust wholeheartedly to support his policy of progress.

The Ministers began to reorganise their different departments of State assisted by their British advisers. The breaking up of the old machinery of government by the Italians has in some respects proved helpful. The Ethiopian administration had to be built up again from the beginning, which meant that the new administration would be altogether a new creation. The Emperor and his Ministers made use of this opportunity to lay the new Government on solid foundations. The Ministry of the Interior, for instance, was given more power over the Provinces than it ever enjoyed before. The country was divided into twelve large Provinces, each under a Governor-General, who was placed under the direct control of the Minister of the Interior in administrative matters. Each Province was further divided into three or four sub-Provinces under Governors. It was decreed that all the revenue from all the Provinces should be collected by the Imperial Government, and that the Minister of Finance was to be responsible for this and for paying all Government officials charged with the administration of the Provinces from the Governor-General downwards. This is a great improvement on the government before 1935, when this form of administration was in its experimental stage and was in force only in a few "model provinces." The Ministry of Finance is at the same time organising the finances of the country on modern lines. In the same way the Ministry of Commerce is now in a very strong position. And as the levy of taxes on goods and merchandise by every provincial governor has been done away with, internal commerce has been greatly facilitated. The trunk roads which the invaders built for strategic and political purposes are also proving to be an asset to rapid commercial intercourse within the Empire.

The Ministry of Education has reopened the old schools closed by the Italians or taken over by them for the exclusive use of Italian children, and has also established numerous primary schools all over the country. The only limiting factors in this respect are the scarcity of trained teachers and the lack of text-books, most of the Ethiopian books and the printing presses having been destroyed by the invaders.

A new system of law courts has been established and the extra-territorial rights formerly enjoyed by foreigners been abolished. Blatta Ayela Gabre, the new Ethiopian Minister in London, was the Minister of Justice and, assisted by the British legal adviser and experts in Ethiopian law and customs as well as those versed in international law, was gradually evolving the new civil and criminal codes to be applied to Ethiopians and foreigners alike. The work is still proceeding, and the new provincial and district courts are fast being set up all over the country. The High Court has already been established at Addis Ababa, one of the British judges being its president. The Supreme Imperial Court is presided over by the Afa-Negus, who is the Chief Justice of Ethiopia.

The Anglo-Ethiopian Agreement provides for a British Military Mission to help to reorganise the Ethiopian Army on modern lines. The Mission started its work some time before the conclusion of the Agreement, and the nucleus of the Ethiopian Army is already well established. The Gennet Military School near Addis Ababa has been reopened, and suitable young Ethiopians are being trained to be the future commanders of the Ethiopian Army. To the great satisfaction of the people, the Emperor chose the popular and famous Ras Abeba Aregai to be the new War Minister. He is greatly respected as the finest type of the Ethiopian fighting man, and there is every hope that under his inspiration and leadership the new Ethiopian Army will soon be an effective weapon of defence. Ethiopia, however, not being an industrial country, does not dispose of all the armaments she requires. Nevertheless it is hoped that in course of time the British Government will be able to spare some equipment for Ethiopia, and that the United States Government will also extend its "lend-lease" policy to Ethiopia before long.

Besides disrupting the Ethiopian administration, the Italian invaders had caused untold suffering to the Ethiopian people. Their destruction of life and spoliation of property has left a trail of misery and poverty everywhere amongst the population. To remedy this the Emperor receives all those who desire to see him and tell him of their woes, and prescribes remedies in the form of gifts of money and land. To supplement the Emperor's benevolent work, patriotic associations came into being soon after the liberation of the country from its oppressors to devote themselves to welfare and social work as well as educational activities. Chief among these are the Ethiopian Women's Work Association, the Association of the Warriors of Ancient Ethiopia, and the Society for the Welfare of Young People.

The Ethiopian Women's Work Association was founded in 1935 under the patronage of the Empress Menen and the presidency of the lamented Princess Tsahai. It did very useful work to help the Ethiopian warriors up to May 1936, when it became impossible for it to continue its activities in Ethiopia. After the liberation it resumed its work, having for its main programme the training of young girls for hospital work, the establishment of orphanages, and the making by members of the Association of things required in hospitals and orphanages, such as bandages, towels, knitted articles, etc.

The Association of the Warriors of Ancient Ethiopia and the Society for the Welfare of Young People have as their objects the care of disabled and old warriors and widows of the dead, the education of orphans and the repatriation and care of young people deported by the Italians from one part of the country to another, and left helpless. They also organise meetings all over the country to enlighten the masses.

This brief sketch of administrative and social progress in liberated Ethiopia presents a picture of a people, the first of the victim nations to be freed from the clutches of the Axis Powers. The task of reconstruction is not an easy one; it is made all the more difficult because of the tragic destruction by the enemy of a large proportion of the young and educated Ethiopian manhood. The fact that a world war is in progress by no means helps the work of reconstruction in Ethiopia. But, with confidence in her destiny, with the inspiring leadership of her great Emperor, and the good will and assistance of her British and other friends, Ethiopia is determined to follow the path of progress and enlightenment however steep and slippery it may be.

The Emperor and people of Ethiopia realise, however, that their country cannot have real peace while their allies and friends are still engaged in a life and death struggle. The Emperor has more than once intimated to his British allies that Ethiopia is ready to send a brigade of the best of her sons to fight in the cause of world freedom. The Emperor has also formally requested that Ethiopia be accepted as one of the United Nations.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN

Conquest and War are killers of men, but not so great killers as the Horsemen who ride with them, Pestilence and Famine. The Spanish Influenza which raged in 1918 destroyed at least twice as many people as the Great War; in Europe it smote exhausted hungry nations; but when soldiers and sailors carried it round the world it was no less virulent. Indians died of it by the million; far Pacific islands like Western Samoa lost a quarter of their population. Westward from Russia, after the war, moved the plagues of Asia: typhus and relapsing fever, dengue and malaria. Between 1919 and 1922 there were ten million cases of typhus in Russia, with some three million deaths. The Polish peasants trekking back to their homes brought it with them; and the tide of pestilence was only stayed by a cordon sanitaire which the League of Nations helped Poland to organise. The post-revolutionary famines of Russia drove the Volga peasants south to Turkestan, and when they returned they carried malaria in their blood. It must be remembered that malaria not only causes general weakness and declining level of life where it is endemic for, the fever burns mainly at seed time and harvest, impairs agriculture, and starves its victims; it is a killer when it reaches an unimmunised people, as it did in the Volga and in regions of the Balkans after the last war. Famine, too, was worse after the war than during it; for in the general chaos, with no competent governments to obey, and the terror of disease to flee from, whole populations surged too and fro, the land went untilled, and the beasts were all eaten. In one European region cannibalism was practised.

Why remember these old dreadful days now when we are absorbed in fighting this new war? Why? Because Conquest and War the Horsemen, never ride alone. Already the trampling of their companions is in our ears. Half Europe is famine-stricken: the policy of Germany in Greece and Poland is deliberately to starve the people to death; they die of hunger in the streets of Athens, in the ghetto of Warsaw. The rich agricultural countries are hungry; a Frenchwoman from the Bordeaux country described recently how she fed her family on cornflower roots. Not only the occupied countries, with the swastika-post set up in the growing corn for the German requisition, are going short of food. The Swiss have less bread to eat than we have; the Swedes have had scanty rations this year, and after a drought summer face absolute hunger in the winter; the Spanish workers and peasants have been starving ever since Franco ruined his country by civil war. So far, we have not had a pest like the Spanish Influenza. But the other diseases are there already. Typhus, carried by the body-louse and spreading in winter, when people huddle together for warmth in the snowbound villages and cram the remaining houses of bombed cities; tuberculosis, favoured by underfeeding, bad working conditions, and stuffy blacked-out bedrooms; anæmia; the skin diseases of malnutrition; rickets which maim the babies for life; venereal disease which always follows a victorious occupation in war.

There are foci of some of these diseases in every European country. Typhus is already prevalent in Western Russia, Poland, Germany, Rumania, Bulgaria, Spain, Morocco. Even in Britain increased tuberculosis is reported; significantly young girls are the chief new cases.

We write of these evils not so much to deplore them as to urge action to combat them. Such action is admirably discussed in a new pamphlet, *Medical Relief in Europe*, by Dr. Melville Mackenzie.[*] He writes with the authority of long service with the League of Nations Health Organisation, that body which put into practice the doctrines that health, like peace, is indivisible, and that the work of science both in the cure and the prevention of disease should be at the service of all humanity. In our present conditions some features of the League work are of the utmost moment. It was a world organisation adapted with great flexibility to regional conditions; and its work ranged from research in which the medically advanced nations collaborated, to helping countries which had no health services and illiterate populations to combat epidemics and reform hygiene. The League Committees used the skill of the greatest experts on malaria, for instance, to teach Balkan peasants to whitewash their walls, sweep their floors, swat mosquitoes and drain off breeding puddles. It accepted the condition that where there are too few doctors and nurses the people themselves must learn to deal with sickness. Now that is the position in which Europe is to-day. The Nazis have wrecked the health services in all the occupied countries, except in so far as they help to keep their own troops fit. The universities are shut or reduced to shadows; no new doctors or nurses are being trained. In Central Europe a high proportion of the doctors were Jews, and are dead or in exile; in any case they are forbidden to practice. When Europe is free again starvation will, no doubt, be the immediate problem; but it will be intensified by the shifting of millions of men, prisoners, refugees, deportees, workmen; most of whom will simply walk home carrying sicknesses among them. There will be far too few doctors, hospitals, and drugs—it is appalling to reflect that almost the whole production of quinine was in Java, and lies in Japanese hands. In such a state of affairs Dr. Mackenzie's proposals are of the utmost practical value. He suggests an international organisation to direct relief in which the United Nations, and later the vanquished, should be represented, with power to organise priorities of immediate supplies, to co-ordinate unofficial relief work, such as that of the Society of Friends and the Rockefeller, with official activities, and to prevent overlapping or political discrimination. It should, of course, use the League Health Organisation, still in being at Geneva, although reduced to skeleton form. He emphasises the need for information on conditions of nutrition and health, which also should be collated centrally. The actual personnel of international relief workers should be designated even now; or the missions will find themselves clotted with men who cannot get on with foreign peoples, with adventurers, and with the soft-headed muddlers who are the curse of benevolence. (The ideal relief worker has good manners, a soft heart, a hard head, an inflexible sense of justice, endless patience, wide tolerance, humour, the gift of improvisation, imperviousness to flattery, and in general, a concentration of virtues seldom combined in one person.) Dr. Mackenzie points out that relief workers must feed themselves first, and take steady precautions against infection; for they are in constant danger. He is still more interesting on the methods of teaching the people. Where there are no doctors the village mayors and school-teachers must learn to administer medicines; for instance to see that malaria cases go on taking quinine. The wireless is the obvious means of instruction. But in the end the women must be the basis of the medical service. It is they who must realise that lice may mean death, who must bath and shave their families, boil their cotton clothes, bake their woollen ones, iron furs and sheepskins when there is not frost severe enough to kill the vermin if coats are left out of doors at night. It is in the wake of a terrific women's movement that international health measures will get under way again. Doctors and nurses, sanatoria and delousing stations cannot be provided at once in the necessary numbers. What can be ready are emergency measures to make publicity in every tongue to check epidemics, and to tide the people over till they can grow their food once more. And the emergency organisation is more likely than any other to begin genuine co-operation in peace between the belligerents. For a germ makes no fine distinctions; it is as likely to breed in a democrat as in a Nazi; and the war against infection can only be effective if it is international. FREDA WHITE

AIR WARFARE AND ITS SLANG

AIR warfare has produced slang both public and technical; that current among civilians and that used by the Air Force. The number of civilian terms is much the smaller.

An air raid is one form of *blitz*, and to be air-raided is to be *blitzed;* fear of the *blitzkrieg* (lightning war) resulted in many children becoming *vackies*, whether evacuated overseas or to the country, with the further result that many parents became *browned off* (originally the slang of the Regular Army). To the constant question, "How did *to be browned off* arise?" I can only hazard the guess that it comes from *to be done brown* (cooked to a turn), with perhaps a reminiscence of the gloom implied in *a brown study*. Then why the alternative *cheesed off*, which is fairly common among civilians and very common in the Air Force? It is later than *browned off*: probably the *brown* rind of *cheese* has something to do with it. Another Air Force synonym is *brassed off*, perhaps from excessive brass-polishing. If one may parody without irreverence, "Slang moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform."

The best-known of all specifically air-war civilian terms is *Mona*, from the moaning syrens that constitute the alert; some people find that the syrens rather wail than moan and so they prefer to speak of *wailing Winnie*. Mona's next-of-kin is the cheerful *Clara*, that bonny lass who signals the all-clear and permits us to return to a more comfortable bed. The searchlights and anti-aircraft fire and bursting bombs are collectively referred to as *fireworks* or *Brock's benefit*—the latter a reminiscence of the 1914–18 Army's name for the Verey and other lights that rendered no man's land far too light for a wiring party. Of the searchlights, the one that sheds a diffuse glare is a *bearded lady*, whereas the most powerful one is a *Paul Pry*, so named because it sometimes proves unfriendly to blackout-befriended lovers. The anti-aircraft guns are, as in the last war, *Archies* or, as only in this, *ack-acks*, *ack-ack* being signalese for A.A. An enemy plane, inevitably named a *Jerry*, may, as it is sent plunging to destruction, be *flying streamers* of fire and smoke. The balloons forming the *rat-trap* or anti-aircraft barrage are known as *flying elephants*. The German bombers, when they release their bombs, *lay eggs*—a phrase that, in the Air Force, means "to lay mines"; our bombers, by the way, *leave visiting cards*. Some civilians have been known to allude to German bombers as *cuckoos*, from the intrusive habit of those unparental birds. Aerial torpedoes are *flying pigs*; the craters made by these torpedoes, or by bombs, are *crump holes* (*crump* being echoic of the explosion), which reminds us that the Air Force unkindly speaks of the Ruhr, where they dump so many bombs, as *the Crump Dump*.

Not all the Air Force slang words and phrases can be treated here. The following may serve as tokens.

A few terms have been taken over from the Royal Flying Corps of the war of 1914–18. A plane is now rarely a *bus* or *crate*; it is usually a *kite*. But *dog-fights* and *hedge-hopping* survive; nowadays, *erk* applies to any aircraftman—not, as I have heard it suggested, because his work is irksome, much less because he's an irksome fellow, but because it is a corrupted abbreviation of "*air mechanic*". Several other ranks worth noting are *op*, an operator; *wom*, a wireless operator mechanic (*W.O.M.* becomes *wom*); an armourer is facetiously known as a *plumber*; *Snoops* are the Service Police, corresponding to the Army's Military Police. *Met*—in the Army, generally *Mets*—is the Meteorological Officer, who knows all about *cu* or cumulus clouds, and *cloud on the deck*, a cloud base coincident with a sea or land surface, and *muck*, or dirty weather in general, weather that it is his business to foretell in respect of time and kind and intensity. *Stationmaster* (obviously from railways) is the Officer Commanding (this or that) Station, *not* as is sometimes stated, the Duty Pilot, whose job it is to control the airfield attached to the Station. A recruit (the Army's *rookie*) is a *sprog*: I should like to know why. This term is also applied to a newly made N.C.O. or to a very junior officer; and it can be used as an adjective. *Sprogs* cannot avoid being *binders*, bores, nuisances, to their instructors or superiors; to the *sprogs* themselves, certain parades are *binds*; and *bind* can be used as a verb ("That fellow binds me to tears"). The origin of *bind* and *binder* is to be found in the ill-humour that results from being *bound* or constipated. To *sprogs* and others, *The Brains Trust* is the Central Trade Test Board, whose members, however, ask—not answer—questions. "You'll go through the hoop to-morrow; the Brains Trust is arriving at 9.30."

Nearly every kind of plane has its slang name. Even civilians have heard of *Spits* (Spitfires) and *Hurries* (Hurricanes) whereas few persons outside the Air Force know that a *Lizzie* is a Lysander, *Maggie* a Miles Magister, *Wimpey* a Wellington. Familiar German types are summarised in the technical joke, "*He*, *Me*, and *You*", the Heinkel, Messerschmitt, Junker.

After a plane *scrams* or takes off (compare the ordinary American *scram!* go away! short for *scramble*, and the almost synonymous *scat*, short for *scatter*), it climbs or *angels upward*. An essential part of training is *circuits and bumps* (landings), these being exercise flights consisting of repeated take-offs, short circuits and landings; if anything goes wrong, it is a point of honour to *carry the can* or take the blame. *Flying by the seat of one's pants*, by instinct rather than by instrument, is frowned upon, except in the last resort, as when, for instance, the pilot gets *tangled in the soup* (lost in the fog); a very foggy locality is, though not very generally, known as a *fog factory*. The pilot is expected to *keep the tail clear*, i.e. to keep his plane out of an enemy plane's sights, and when a Bomber Command pilot is being chased by Jerry fighters, he naturally *goes through the gate* by opening his throttle full out. To take evasive action, as by *jinking* or dodging, one *kicks her* (most planes being feminine) *into the manoeuvre*, a phrase more frequently employed by American than by British airmen.

The Fleet Air Arm and the Coastal Command keep a sharp lookout for *rat-traps* (occasionally *mouse-traps*) or submarines, precisely as *recce* (*recky*) or reconnaissance planes watch for tanks or *roller-skates*, which, however, is a term little used by the Air Force. From the armament of bombers and fighters comes a stream of *confetti* or ammunition (the Army's *ammo*), generously issued by the *chatterboxes* or machine-guns. But auntless though they are, airmen don't much ike having to *jump out of the window*, which is to make a parachute landing, although they will take nfinite pains both to *pick a pin-point*, to identify particular landmark, which is then said to have been *pin-pointed*, and in *footling round*, or coninuously circling over an area in search of a arget or a landing-ground. As a precaution gainst a forced landing on the sea, airmen put on *Mae West*, a life-jacket bulging in the right places, when they go into action (*go to the movies*); f they crash, they *pile up*. Some airmen carry a evolver, which is called a *hip-flask* or *shooting-iron* r *pea-shooter*, this last being also applied to a ifle or even to a fighter plane.

---

[*] *Medical Relief in Europe*. By Melville D. Mackenzie, Royal Institute of International Affairs. 2/-.

Rarely does an airman get into a *flap*, a state of larm; rarely does he pay much attention to *flaps* r scares. He can hold his own in an argument; f he out-argues his opponent he *shoots him down* r, in full, *shoots him down in flames*; generically, *hoot 'em down* (*in flames*) is to make a decisive point in argument or in discussion; and if he has a good case, he will trot out the catch-phrase, *It's bullet-proof*. But he is very keen on *gen*, nformation (? from the official phrase, "for the eneral information of all ranks"). He scorns *duff gen*, incorrect information, looks askance at *phoney*—doubtful—*gen*, welcomes *pukka gen*, correct or trustworthy information, and shares the public's thirst for *hot gen*, very recent or quite fresh news—a variation of newspapermen's *hot news*.

But airmen resent being called *glamour boys* as much as the R.A.M.C. in the last war resented being called *Linseed Lancers* or as, in the nineteenth century, soldiers of the Regular Army disliked being referred to as *swaddies* and Marines disliked being belittled as *landlubbers*, or as, in the wentieth century, midshipmen detest being condescended-to as *middies*. We can well do without these feline amenities, whether they come from the fighting Services or from the press or from the public. ERIC PARTRIDGE

SEIGNOBOS AND PERRIN

NEWS has recently come to us of the death of two distinguished Frenchmen which I feel should not pass unnoticed in this country. Charles Seignobos has died in Brittany at the age of 88, and Jean Perrin in New York. They were close friends for many years.

The name of Jean Perrin will be known to all physicists as a Nobel Prize winner. He was for a time also Minister for Scientific Research in the Government of the Front Populaire. He went to the U.S.A. upon invitation when the German occupation became menacing and several of his friends and colleagues had been arrested as hostages.

Charles Seignobos is known to historians all over the world as a distinguished representative of the Liberal school of the nineteenth century. In his latter years he wrote two books for a wider public, one on the History of the French People, another on Modern Europe, intended primarily for the English-speaking peoples. Even in these more populer works his immense knowledge of detail is in evidence, and, indeed, even when he was well over 80 years of age his prodigious memory for detailed fact was remarkable. He had the capacity, he said, of visualising the parallel development of the countries of Europe simultaneously with all their intricacies. While talking of the growth, say, of merchant capital in France he would always make his hearers aware of the different paths the development took in other countries; the strengthening of serfdom in Russia, the crumbling of the Empire into the German states. In conversation he would illustrate his descriptions of technical development or of political crises with snatches of old folk tunes; Mazarinades, ditties of all sorts which came from his immense collection of ancient folk tunes.

His main thesis, that there is no thesis or plan in the development of mankind, that all discovery, all change is due to chance, would have made his tremendous knowledge of detail muddling but for the honesty with which he presented his material, so that his student could make his own deductions about the plan or anarchy of human progress. One of the most fascinating and most exhausting afternoons I have spent was with Seignobos in the Cluny historical museum. Although four times my age, he was indefatigable explaining the exhibits, the changes in guns and blunderbusses throughout the centuries, agricultural implements, vestments, and much more that for all my young and presumably fresh mind I could not retain. His mind had such clarity and such span that he needed no recourse to any pattern of history to order the mass of detail it held. Unlike most secular historians, he did not minimise the influence of the Church on social and intellectual life, although he disliked it. After the Middle Ages it was his *bête noire*, but still he gave it its due prominence and his anti-clericalism forms, perhaps, the one consistent thread through the centuries.

In modern politics he termed himself a liberal-anarchist. Socialism, a planned economy, he agreed with in theory, but his contention was that it could not be introduced piecemeal, and the upheaval necessary to bring it in would never be worth the suffering entailed. Perhaps after the experience of German occupation he may have changed this opinion—it may have been one of the "accidents" that make historical progress. He was not an optimist for the world: "Ca marchera, mais ca marchera mal" was his slogan. Thus, not cheerful about the state of the world and sceptical of any remedy, he sought simple pleasures in his old age. "No-one but you English expect life to be happy," he complained indulgently, and hence he enjoyed the company of "Nordics." Life in France, he said, is pleasanter than in most places, but people are not happier. He sought his joys in the games of the little children he would watch playing in the Parvis de Notre Dame. In his holiday home in Brittany where he died, there often rang out the tinkling of the piano—"Capitaine," as he was called by young and old, playing folk dance tunes and bourées for the little girls of the village and of the group of university friends with which he surrounded himself. He preferred the company of scientists, and regarded himself as one. There, on the promontory of L'Arcouest, one of the most exquisite spots in the world which he had carefully sought out, in houses looking over a bay dotted with red rock islands, there came together each summer this group of whom the patriarchs were Seignobos, whose house was the centre, Jean Perrin, with another large family villa, and Madame Curie. Some of the children who grew up in the Groupe de L'Arcouest are already in the Fighting French forces, fighting for a world in which they believe there is the possibility of happiness for mankind, for they have not lost the youthful enthusiasm which he so much enjoyed in them and never did anything to repress. It is for historians to estimate the value of his great life's work, but for his friends in England, as for those in France now scattered, the death of this vital though frail-looking old man, who was the centre of such life and gaiety, is a great sorrow; and with this sorrow will be mingled regret at the passing of old France and resolution for the building of a new world.

K. S. M. ARMFIELD-WATSON

AUTUMN SHOWS

THE exhibition at the Leger Gallery of works by William Scott is an exciting event almost, so unused are we grown to welcoming a newcomer of promise. Scott is young—under thirty—and his work was well known in Paris before the war; but, unless I mistake, only during the last few months have English critics begun to take note of it. He began his artistic life as a prize student at the Royal Academy schools, and his education bore fruit since it drove him to rebellion. He went to France and there stayed till the Germans came. In so far as he belongs to any school he belongs to the school of Paris. Manifestly he has studied the modern masters—Matisse, Modigliani, Braque; but Picasso, I imagine, has been the main influence. His earlier work—still life for the most part—shows genuine pre-occupation with the significance of appearance, to express which he possessed intelligence, a sure sense of colour and a gift, a truly remarkable gift, of placing. Later, presumably under the influence of Picasso, he seems to have decided to eliminate everything that was not strictly relevant to the creation of design. The result, almost inevitable when a young man of necessarily limited experience aims at such austerity, is that this later work is apt to appear empty. Seemingly, he, himself, feels this at times, and then his taste and intelligence too easily supply a formula which is too obviously borrowed. Smart critics will sneer that he has emptied the baby out with the bath-water, and they will be wrong. Besides, his almost impeccable sense of placing can be trusted to save his pictures from futility. Nevertheless the moment has certainly come for him to make an effort to load every rift with ore, to animate every contour and every twist with intensity wrung from the object of his preoccupation. Unfortunately the moment is also come for him to join the army. When one considers how many young people are still suffered to pursue trades, professions and callings which are deemed helpful to "the war effort," one may feel surprised as well as regret that the work of a British artist of exceptional promise should not be deemed as of at any rate *national* importance.

Next door to the Leger Gallery—at 15 Old Bond Street to be exact— is to be seen a collection of contemporary paintings which will be sold at Christie's on October 9 for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund. It must be allowed that any amateur seeking the satisfaction of having done a good deed stands a chance of getting a good work of art into the bargain. Artists, collectors and galleries have shown admirable and discriminating generosity; and to the Redfern go our especial thanks for having presented, amongst many excellent things, a series of lithographs by modern French masters which decorates a whole wall and is the joy and illumination of the gallery. It is possible to name only some of the artists who, directly or through donors, have contributed covetable objects: Sickert, Duncan Grant, Patricia Preece (a superficially unattractive but finely realised portrait), Hitchens, Brabazon (an oriental piece superior to what one expects from this formerly over-rated water-colourist), Nash (but why perplex a good design with an artistically irrelevant little figure ?), Le Bas (a good richly painted picture by an under-rated artist) and Pasmore.

The best thing at the Lefevre Gallery is, I believe, Duncan Grant's *Hayrick*. Here he has succeeded, as he does not always succeed, in realising completely his vision without sacrificing those delicious decorative qualities which his admirers can never see him sacrificing, albeit from the highest motives, without a pang. Ivon Hitchens (another who has been caught up in the war-machine) grows better and better on acquaintance, and now takes his place securely amongst the dozen best painters at work in this country. I am glad to see Dorothy Annan, whose earliest pictures at the Leicester Galleries took my fancy, confirming my judgment with a sensitive flower-piece. The young Scottish group is fairly represented: the big *Still Life* by Gillies being a satisfactory piece of decoration, while MacBryde is seen experimenting as a young artist should, though at present he can hardly be said to be doing more than feel his way towards a conviction. I am thinking of some time-worn fresco when I say—Do not dismiss Mary Kessell's picture as altogether too "old masterish." Something comes through, not only of her scholarship but of her genuine feeling for beauty. Matthew Smith, Henry Moore, Quentin Bell, Kenneth Martin, Geoffrey Tibble, Frances Hodgkins and John Tunnard have all contributed things worthy of study to this exhibition. *Butterfly-Catchers* is not by Graham Sutherland though some might think it was.

We should be grateful to the Beaux Arts Gallery for giving us the means of coming to a conclusion about Gernez. I do not think he ever reaches that point at which an artist joins the ranks of the important; but he is not negligible, and probably he handles pastel more efficiently than any other artist alive. Though Lucien Adrion is not too clever for words, a critic may choose to be silent; and instead of discussing the water-colours of Le Tournier he can climb down the spiral staircase and look at a panel by Sickert where acute observation has been taken up, without loss, into a decorative design in such a way as to make one cheerful for the afternoon, whatever the papers may say. Will no bar or restaurant do itself the honour of acquiring and exhibiting this consolatory masterpiece? CLIVE BELL

THE MOVIES

"In This Our Life," at Warner's

"The Bright Path," at The Tatler

Those who believed that in Regina (*The Little Foxes*) Miss Bette Davis had discovered her most horrifying role will be rather staggered to find it here surpassed. From little fox into man-eating tiger. The change is electrifying. Once more the solid Southern family with two strains, those who devour and those who are devoured; there's a ruthless uncle who has long ago swindled and mastered his brother; in the younger generation, Miss Davis starts by running away with her sister's fiancé. The film begins very well indeed, because in this elopement our sympathies—if that is the word for subjugation—are all with Miss Davis. She looks very young and quiet, she has a devil, her eyes sweep out at moments like a lighthouse. She drives her husband to suicide. Her fascination is turned then upon her sister's new lover. But he hesitates. The eyes come into full play: we, the spectators, are now as repelled and fascinated as the object of her magnetism. Speeding away after a blank date she runs over two people in the street and drives on. From then on she purrs, lies, cajoles, overbears, while a negro boy is held on suspicion in gaol. She ends in a car crash with the police on her heels.

There's the story—more sensational than *The Little Foxes*, but lifted by a magnificent performance from Miss Davis and the more than competent acting of Olivia de Havilland, Frank Craven, Charles Coburn, George Brent and others. The film is brilliantly directed by John Huston (notice some surprising close-ups and the admirably photographed interiors). What it lacks is singleness of aim, imaginative completion. *The Little Foxes* came out of a well-made play, *In This Our Life* is taken from a novel in which the various episodes may have fallen into order. The title, for example, refers to a sober and moving complaint by the negro boy in gaol. That may be the centre of the novel, but it is incidental in the film. With this important defect, *In This Our Life* is a very good film indeed.

The Bright Path seems to be filling the Tatler more than usual The freshness and charm of Soviet musicals—*A Musical Story* and *The New Teacher*, for example—has attracted me before, and in *The Bright Path* one finds them again. What a mixture! A moral purpose as baldly stated as in the most religious of Victorian novels, naivety alternately baffling and appealing, buffoonery, the sulks and raptures of lovers, a lyricism resembling Clair's. The theme, of course, is work, work, work: a peasant girl becoming educated, working a loom in a factory, working 16 looms, 120 looms, 180 looms, etc., till she receives the Order of Lenin. The surprising thing is that *The Bright Path* has charm—loads of it—as well as energy.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Debussy—Chabrier Concert at Wigmore Hall

The first of three concerts of French music, under the auspices of the French National Committee, was given at the Wigmore Hall on September 10th. (Second concert, Fauré—Revel, September 17th; third concert, "Les Six," September 23rd.) There was some audacity in the bracketing of Debussy and Chabrier, and reading the lively essay by Mr. Edwin Evans which took the place of the usual programme notes one expected thrills. But in fact, the two don't mix, or contrast, well. Debussy, when he flags, wanders disconsolately from note to note, Chabrier jumps on to the music platform of a bawling café The best moments of this concert were all, as one might have expected, Debussy's: the settings of Villon poems, *Ballade contre les ennemis de France, Ballade de Villon à s'amye, Ballade pour prier Notre-Dame.* These lovely well-known songs were sung, not very melodiously, by Gaston Richer. New to most music-lovers and oddly attractive was the *Première Rhapsodie* for clarinet and piano; and Rudolph Dunbar, the clarinetist, achieved a striking but rather harsh clarity. The best performances of the evening were given by Mary and Geraldine Peppin in a number of pieces for two pianos: Debussy's *Lindaraja*; Chabrier's *Trois Valses*, and the popular rhapsody *España*. The waltzes, especially the third, "*Animé*," were the best of Chabrier. Impish vulgarity of the bohemian sort does not wear well, except in memoirs. It was delightful, for example, to learn from Mr. Evans's note that Chabrier, despite his enthusiasm for Wagner, arranged a set of quadrilles or themes from *Tristan.* Why couldn't the audience have been shocked and amused with these? But perhaps the joke, in terms of music, was vulgar without being funny.

SERVANT OF THE HOUSE

Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy *brig,*
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite
And the crew of the captain's gig.
W. S. Gilbert

Surveying Britain's battled coast
As far as sight may scan,
On every hand the scene is planned
By an elderly youthful man.

His voice is ringing, his will is strong,
And hearty and strong is he;
Each day we hear his words of cheer
As he makes the sign of V.

"Oh, I am the captain of Britain's bark,
Home chief and war chief too,
And Ambassador to the zones of war
And the head of the Tory crew."

And the Commons sit and tear their hair
For they simply cannot see,
With the weight he bears of home affairs,
How any man can be

At once the captain of Britain's bark,
Home chief *and* war chief too,
And Ambassador to the zones of war,
And head of the Tory crew.

The ship of State, *one* should navigate,
Another should run the war,
And they'll take their oath he can't do both
As well as a good deal more.

They wish he were Prime Minister
Or Minister of Defence—
But in either name he can always claim
Their vote of confidence.

So in Britain's realm he takes the helm
However rough the sea,
And he'll eat his hat if he can't do that,
While making the sign of V.

Oh, he is the captain of Britain's bark,
Home chief and war chief too,
And Ambassador to the zones of war
And the head of the Tory crew.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

AGRICULTURE

SIR,—I do not think I have read anything quite so bewilderingly perverse as the second paragraph of Dr. C. S. Orwin's article *Agriculture in War and Peace.* "Nevertheless, the Government had not thought it worth while . . . to use . . . the occasion . . . for guiding the industry along the lines of greatest national advantage . . . . On the contrary with the world's granaries bursting with wheat and our own colonies unable to sell their cane sugar, home farmers had been subsidised to grow even more wheat and to persist in the cultivation of sugar beet."

The state of the world's granaries has for a long time been a factor in controlling the wheat acreage in England and the acreage figures show that the English farmer has been getting out of the wheat business. The average acreage from 1867–1871 was 3,824,000 acres, the average from 1906 to 1910 was 1,501,000 acres. The next five-year figure shows an increase, caused by the last war, which continued to 1918, when 2,460,000 acres were planted. Although wartime prices continued under a state guarantee until 1920, farmers resumed their abandonment of the crop as soon as opportunity arose in 1919 and the acreage of 1920 showed a 600,000 drop. In 1930 th acreage planted was 1,250,000, another 600,000 acr drop. A collapse in prices on the world marke followed and in 1934 farmers received for wheat the lowest price recorded for the crop since 1646 (whe that kind of record begins, possibly the lowest price by a longer period). One can argue justifiably that a decrease in acreage at at least the same rate as in the decade 1920–1930 would have taken place in 1930–1940 had wheat growing not been subsidised. If i had the acreage sown in 1939 for harvest in 1940 would have been less than 700,000. The acreage in fact harvested was 1,900,000, and this proved inadequate without heavy imports. It might have been in the national interest to harvest the smaller acreage, it is very difficult to see how. Without the subsidy to the sugar-beet industry the industry would have ceased to exist, would indeed never have come into being. It now produces a passable sugar substitute which provides our entire sugar ration and has enabled us to export during the last year. It would appear that Dr. Orwin has selected as his target the two subsidies giving clearest evidence of a considered long-term policy, and the most obviously and abundantly justified. Dr. Orwin may suggest that storage would have met the case, but those who have seen the A.F.S. thigh deep in melted butter or who saw the great grain fires of 1940 will not think much of that suggestion.

Dr. Orwin is somewhat disingenuous in his remarks about livestock, what he says is perfectly true but is not the whole story. The bullock is inefficient as a converter of fodder crops compared with the dairy cow, but it is a consumer of less labour and time. A bullock is ready for slaughter at from 18 to 24 months; a cow only starts to produce human food at 36 months and the foodstuff then produced is 88 per cent. water; it will be from 48 to 60 months before the cow has produced a weight of food equal to the bullock's carcase. Butter and cheese can be handled as general cargo in shipping, but beef requires specially equipped shipping. The by-products of the cow are only obtainable at its death when it ceases to be an efficient producer of food, the bullock delivers its by-products at the time when it reaches its maximum efficiency. Glycerine, which is important in the making of explosives, is the most important of these by-products at the moment. Steers reared in 1940 will produce glycerine this year, a heifer reared in 1940 will produce glycerine in (given the normal bovine expectation of life in the dairy herd) 1947.

I must confess to being baffled by Dr. Orwin's concluding remark:

> It has been no part of the Minister's policy, however, to proceed by compulsion, and, in the absence of guidance and control, farmers have followed their customary farm practice.

Farmers who refuse to obey War Agricultural Committee orders are fined and dispossessed, and in my own county a gentleman who was stubborn in adhering to his customary farm practice was shot by the police in his own farmyard. It would be difficult to imagine a more extreme form of pressure.

Chapel Farm, Ecchinswell, ANTHONY P. WEST
Newbury, Berks.

PROSPECT FOR RELIGION

SIR,—I am sorry that I foolishly misunderstood and misrepresented C. E. M. Joad. It would, of course, be equally foolish to cite my own necessarily limited experience against the Mass Observation Report, but my experience of church-going is regular and varied, and certainly does not suggest any dwindling since the war. On the contrary (to quote one example) the congregations at the services on this year's Industrial Sunday, in which I am particularly interested, were larger than they have ever been.

It could not enter my head that Joad fears controversy with me. But I have no stomach and little ability for controversy. My concern is the creation of sympathetic understanding between all the men and women who, from different approaches and with different inspiration, are eager for the creation of a decent and dignified social order. That was the object of my comment on Joad's articles.

It is, I believe, of the first importance that a man with Joad's great influence should realise that Christian Socialists, a minority among practising Christians but a keen and growing minority, are Socialists because they hold "the faith once delivered to the saints" and re encouraged to take their full part in the struggle gainst the cruel, the stupid and the ugly by the Sacraments of Holy Church, things that have always been "unto the Jews a stumbling block and unto the Greeks foolishness."

Savile Club, W.1. **Sidney Dark**

Sir,—Mr. William Ross gives a number of Christian dogmas which are nonsense to "an enormous number of well-educated and cultured Europeans." It is a pity that their education and culture has not led them to the esoteric meaning of these dogmas.

To take the one which they probably find most repulsive, the cannibalism of the Eucharist. The esoteric teaching is that the earth is, so to speak, the crystallised Will of God, and that man's destiny is to redeem the earth. The symbolism of the Eucharist imprints this teaching on man's unconscious mind, and although he may not be able to understand it with his head, he feels it to be true with his heart, and it unconsciously colours his behaviour. Eventually he will be able to understand it with his head, and it will consciously colour his behaviour, so that his behaviour towards the earth and his fellow men will be as reverent as it now is towards the Host. In fact, his good manners will extend to the whole earth, and we shall have no more dustbowls or slums.

Similar explanations can be given to all the other dogmas which Mr. Ross finds so distressing.

11 Akenside Terrace, **Richard Hope**
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Sir,—In the reformed churches of the west, the emphasis (as in the Greek church) upon the Holy Spirit, and upon the priesthood of all believers means that the clergy are not necessarily Christian leaders—Sir Roger de Coverley would have scouted the suggestion; but it certainly is a task for Christian leaders in all ages, whoever they are, to distinguish between the contemporary cosmogony which modifies the expression and transmission of religious experience and the experience itself.

No revolution is needed; a young man who loves church and laboratory is a synthesis in himself. The process resembles the making of a pearl rather than the spring cleaning of a house, since each layer embodies a beauty or a truth which cannot be discarded without loss.

For example, the mention of a woman's name in the creed is the guarantee of Christ's blessing which restores woman to her rightful place where the gospel is preached.

The "resurrection of the body" is not a challenge to intelligence but to self-discipline. The gnostics held that indulgence could not defile the soul which returned pure to God, while the brutish body returned to its dust. The axiom is that body and soul are one. So far Huxley would agree, and I doubt if he would consign both to the dust.

The majority of Christians are content to enjoy the spiritual temple without inquiring closely into its architecture—but undoubtedly it should be under constant supervision, and it is of happy augury that Sir Arthur Keith is friendly with the "local magician."

St. Augustine's Vicarage, **Rev. H. C. Alexander**
Plymouth.

[These letters are selected from a large number received on this subject. Many are from clerical correspondents. Correspondents are asked to make their points as briefly as possible.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

INDIAN CHRISTIANS

Sir,—One gets baffled by the day-to-day increase in the number of bodies that are said to be opposed to the Indian National Congress. Recently, in his letter to the *New York Times*, Sir Stafford Cripps cited the Christian community, numbering six millions, as being opposed to the Congress. That the present British Government have decided upon this to be the attitude of the Christians is obvious from the reference made also by Mr. Churchill to that effect.

As an Indian Christian I can only say that such statements are far from being true. During the recent years, in many national and provincial conferences, Christian students have passed unanimous resolutions supporting the Congress policy. There is a great deal of fluid opinion among Christians all over the country in favour of the Congress position, though there are not many Christians in the front rank in this struggle for freedom; this is mainly because of the inability of the Christians to make the necessary sacrifices and of the lack of leadership. But to imply that the Christians are betraying the Congress in its struggle for national liberation does justice neither to the fine work of some missionaries nor to the self-respecting Indian Christian community and its future. The main body of thinking Christians is at one with the Congress both in its hatred of Nazism and in its desire to make the freedom of India a present reality.

A free India alone can wage a successful war against a monster like Japan. A free India alone can contribute from her spiritual treasures her share to the future happiness of humanity. A free India alone can inspire the people of Burma and Malaya to struggle against Japan and to strike when the opportune moment comes. In this gravest hour of India, when a powerful and ruthless enemy is at her doorstep, it is sad to find that Britain is forcing India to fight a two-front battle. Naturally India's war effort on either front will suffer.

Mr. Churchill also mentioned that "95,000,000 subjects of the Indian Princes, to whom we are bound by treaty, are outside and fundamentally opposed" to the Congress Party. It is only fair that the British public should be reminded that these treaties were made not with those vast masses of people, but only with the few Princes. Being also a subject of an Indian State, I know how some of the Princes, backed up by British power, ruthlessly suppress all movements supporting the Congress.

If the "settled policy of the British Government" to which "no one can add anything," is to be based upon treaties which were made long ago when Imperialistic conquest was the approved order of the day, one is driven to the tragic feeling that all this loss of millions of lives and the sad tears shed by mothers and children may be in vain. The final list of fifth-columnists in this gigantic struggle for human freedom and world-peace, compiled by the stern hand of Time, may be very different from the one which the present British Government may compile.

65 Gloucester Crescent, **Dr. G. D. Boaz**
N.W.1.

NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL

Sir,—Mr. Geoffrey Mander asks for a definite statement by those responsible for the Peace Aims Campaign Fund appeal of the National Peace Council, "as to the nature of the peace aims they have in mind." Such a statement was, in fact, published in July 1941 under the title "The War and the Peace—an appeal for a constructive policy." This document made implicit reference to the place of force in a post-war settlement in the clause which laid upon any international authority or authorities to be set up after the war the responsibility of achieving "a progressive world disarmament and of controlling in the meantime such armaments as may remain." The Council shares the conviction of President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill that all nations "for realistic as well as spiritual reasons must come"—presumably collectively as well as individually—"to the abandonment of the use of force," but, of course, it recognises that this objective is not likely to be reached in one step, and that some political arrangements governing the use of armaments will be an unavoidable part of the peace settlement, at any rate in the interim phases.

The Council is expecting to issue early next year a fuller declaration on peace aims, utilising for this purpose the conclusions of two meetings of its standing Peace Aims Conference to be held at Oxford in a week's time and in January 1943. I cannot anticipate what sort of declaration will then be made by the Council on this question of the place of coercion in the post-war order, but I am sure the Council will continue to urge that the more the emphasis in peace-

Plan for Permanent Peace
HANS HEYMANN, Ph.D.
An actual blueprint, designed to remove the basic economic causes of war. It moves the centre of gravity from power politics to a new world order in which every nation can live equably through a system of world-wide social and economic controls. Professor Heymann is an authority on international economics and finance, and has been intimately connected with important men and events. He tells us of his association with Walter Rathenau, of the creation of the Bank of International Settlements, of the discussions on international debts in Paris, and of the fateful conference between Schacht and Montagu Norman in 1936. With charts. 16s. net
George Allen & Unwin Ltd

★*A new topical volume by the Far Eastern Correspondent of the* New York Times *and author of* Japan Unmasked.
HALLETT ABEND
RAMPARTS of the PACIFIC
In the conviction that war was finally inevitable, the author of *Chaos in Asia* and *Japan Unmasked* made a zero-hour survey of the Southern Pacific; and shortly after his return, the Japanese struck. Mr. Abend was therefore writing in the light of the first Japanese conquests, including Singapore
12*s.* 6*d. net*
JOHN LANE THE
BODLEY HEAD LTD

The New Economic Warfare
by ANTONIN BASCH
7s. 6d. net
A foremost Czechoslovakian economist, who was for years a commercial attaché in Berlin, provides a clear, non-technical exposition of the German method of waging economic warfare, and of the measures necessary to counteract her financial strategy.
ROUTLEDGE
George Routledge & Sons Ltd.
68-74, Carter Lane, London, E.C.

a new novel by
Ronald Fraser
FINANCIAL TIMES
'It sparkles with laughter and mischief; heaves hugely with a deeper mirth at the eternal comedy; gravely considers the temporal world and its mad affairs; pities both sad and sick, both sinful and sorry, though with an aloof, measured tenderness in proportion to the larger issues. Above all, being afraid neither of beauty nor ugliness, but taking experience for the enriching thing it is, is not afraid either of life or death.'
VIOLA GARVIN IN THE EVENING STANDARD
SECOND PRINTING
BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION
[8s 6d net]
JONATHAN CAPE
LTD

making is thrown on what the *Times* called "the positive inducements to peace" as against "the negative deterrents to war" the more successful and durable the peace is likely to be. It is now being more generally accepted that the central task of peace-making is not so much to erect physical barriers against war as to establish the psychological, social and economic conditions which make for peace—a peace which by its very nature men will consider worth preserving.

One final point: The National Peace Council is aware of the need to face squarely such issues as Mr. Mander raises, but the purpose of the Council as a co-ordinating body is not so much to urge particular solutions as to promote the widest possible discussion and research into the issues, first among its associated bodies and then among the wider public. The Peace Aims Conference meets at regular intervals, and the outstanding contributions to the Conference and other material bearing on the peace aims problem are reproduced in the parallel series of Peace Aims Pamphlets and Documents. Finally, the Council issues a carefully digested survey, with editorial comment, of opinions—both official and unofficial—on these questions in its bi-monthly bulletin *Peace Aims*. It was for all this work that we ventured to appeal to the liberality of your readers.

GERALD BAILEY,
Director, The National Peace Council

THE USE OF THE LAND

SIR,—You chide me for my expression of disappointment that you should let the absence of a recommendation to nationalise the land be the ground for damning the Scott Report. My answer is to refer you to the more recent Uthwatt Report, which, I note, meets with your approval. In paragraph 47 they write: "we have no doubt that land nationalisation is not practicable as an immediate measure, and we reject it on that ground alone." They then give three objections to its immediate practicability, the first of which is that it "would arouse keen political controversy," and that "Delay, to say the least, would result."

Writing on behalf of the Ramblers' Association I was rightly at pains to express no opinion pro or con the political issue of Nationalisation, which you tell me you do not consider a panacea, but a *sine qua non*, a judgment which the Uthwatt Committee does not seem to share.

You remind me of the many plans evolved during the last war and pigeon-holed for lack of political courage. May I suggest that, despite all signs to the contrary, we have moved on since then, and the fact that we drew blank then is no reason for assuming we shall do so again, provided we have the good will of the public, and of journals such as yours?

Finally, you ask me a tendentious question regarding my personal problems as a farmer. May I assure you that the County War Agricultural Executive Committee, and various other Government Departments, have legal rights over all my land, some helpful and efficient, some merely bureaucratic and obstructive. Control of this sort is going a long way to prepare us for Nationalisation, but I like to think that the preparation is two-sided, and that when the time is ripe for land nationalisation bureaucracy will have learnt how to avoid being as great an "obstructionist" as that scapegoat the landlord.

But as one whose chief interest is to see that the townsman can enjoy and appreciate all that the country has to offer in ways of recreation, peace and beauty, may I, not in vain, urge you to give your invaluable support to the many and far-reaching suggestions in the Scott Report, which indeed is for us a veritable charter of our needs and aspirations?

KENNETH SPENCE

Cwmcarvan Court, Monmouth.

[Our articles on the Scott and Uthwatt Reports welcomed the "catalogue of rural reforms" of the former and the principle of control of land development in the public interest of the latter. Both these committees have made sound proposals. Their object is right. But those who will the end must will the means also. The National Planning Authority of the Uthwatt Committee might go some way to controlling undeveloped land, but it falls far short of the nationalisation we regard as necessary for the proper planning of Britain, and which the Uthwatt Report only does not discuss for political reasons.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A REQUEST

SIR,—Probably very few of your civilian readers are aware of the rapid growth of the scheme of Army Education, and of the tremendous stirring of interest in the problems of the day among men and women in the services, who had not previously taken their responsibilities as citizens very seriously. Although it is still tentative this stirring is an undoubted fact.

As the officer responsible for the education scheme on anti-aircraft sites in and around London, it is my business to foster and stimulate this interest; one of the best ways is to encourage the reading of the weekly reviews. May I therefore ask any of your readers who would be prepared to post their NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to an anti-aircraft unit in London each week, when they have read it, to communicate with me here.

I can assure anyone who is generous enough to respond to this appeal that their old copies of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be a great help in our work of education for citizenship.

MICHAEL MACOWAN,
Captain,
Staff Officer, Education.

247 Knightsbridge, S.W.7.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

SIR,—It would interest many to know in what newspaper and in what year literary contests for prizes similar to the one which is so agreeable a feature of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION began. Sixty-two years ago, when I was an apprentice of twenty at the *Athenæum* Press, Tooks Court, off Holborn, on which paper I worked from 1876 to 1902 as a compositor, I was a frequent competitor in a precisely similar weekly competition to the one you promote. It was in the old *Weekly Dispatch*, the prize was two guineas (usually divided), and among the contestants I particularly remember the name of Sax Rohmer. The subjects set were usually eight or sixteen lines of verse on current topics, and my success was such that the late Henry Chance Newton, of the old *Referee*, advised me to try my hand at song-writing. I took his advice, and my very first lyrics, "If it wasn't for the 'Ouses in Between," and "It's a Great Big Shame," for the late Gus Elen, were hits, and are still remembered by many old music-hall frequenters of the 'nineties. But for this prize competition I should not have written songs for many stage favourites. Tastes have changed, and at eighty-two I find my style of humour out of date.

EDGAR BATEMAN

THE FUEL TARGET

SIR,—The Ministry of Fuel suggests one-fifth of fuel expenditure in one household should be allocated to cooking. Anxious to conform, I divided by five the one hundred and ten units which comprise my target for the year. Twenty-two cooking units (I cook on oil) give me under one half-gallon of paraffin a week, i.e., three-quarters of an hour's total cooking-heat a day. Over a period of seven days I can, while boiling one breakfast kettle and one pan of potatoes and frying two rashers, produce from the oven beneath, the following: one stew, taking three cooking-days; one fruit cake, taking two; one fruit pie, taking one; one baked fish dish, one; one milk pudding, two; one casserole of mixed vegetables, two; and a couple of cheese mixtures, using three between them.

Can some algebraically-minded reader tell me on which days it will be possible for me, by forgoing breakfast entirely, to re-heat a sufficiency of these dishes to make up a couple of lunches and suppers?

(Mrs.) M. VICKERS

MEMORY EFFICIENCY
AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT
By J. Louis Orton. 4/6
This book tells how to acquire a photographic memory. In mastering its contents, doubt, indecision, and fear disappear. Inferiority complex is conquered by a confidence based upon the firm foundation of a well-trained mind.
MIND YOUR MIND : Simple Psychology for the Layman
By William Welby. 5/6
To enable the ordinary man and woman to appreciate and understand the elements of Psychology this book has been written.
HIGH AND LOW BLOOD PRESSURE
By Jas. C. Thomson. 4/-
The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained in this new book.
KNOW THY BODY : The Wonders Within Us
By Medicus, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., C.M. 4/-
The most entertaining psychological work ever written. This book explains the working of every human organ. You will understand yourself the better by reading this popular work.
THE CURE OF STAMMERING, STUTTERING and other Functional Speech Disorders
By J. Louis Orton. 3/4
The simple non-operative means which have cured thousands are clearly set out in this successful book.
BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES
By H. Benjamin. 4/6
The Author cured himself of rapidly approaching blindness and has embodied his successful methods in his book for the benefit of all sufferers.
Mentioned by the "Brains Trust" in a recent broadcast.
HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR
By J. C. Thomson. 1/6
Giving details of home treatment for Hair and Scalp disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Falling Hair, etc., etc.
Prices include postage. Obtainable through your Booksellers or direct from:
THORSON'S *Publishers*,
Dept. 169, 91. St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue FREE on request.

'TWIXT TRENT AND TWEED'
The Yorkshire Post

Voice of the North
There are times when we need some guidance to focus the happenings of the world to our own daily lives. Why not look for that guidance in The Yorkshire Post? Its fearless criticisms, its forthright and independent opinions and its responsible judgments have earned it the respect of all who read it regularly.
THE YORKSHIRE POST
Ask to see it at your Club, Library or Newsagent
Y.P.5

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF OUR RUSSIAN ALLY
(*Kindergarten age*)
LITTLE IVAN, by **Pavlo Tychina** (*translated by G. Shelley*). 24 pages and cover, all in colours. Clever pictures, many full-page. An amusing story, in prose and verse. 2/- (*large size*).
UNCLE STEPAN THE GIANT (*translated by Kathleen Taylor*). 24 pages of prose, with many pictures in black-and-white, cover in colours. A jolly tale of a happy giant. 2/- (*large size*).
PILOT PRESS LTD.

RETREAT IN THE EAST
O. D. GALLAGHER
Story of *Repulse*, Malaya and Burma, including the fall of Rangoon, the work of the A.V.C., etc.
Illustrated. 8/6 *net*
I WORKED WITH LAVAL
Lt. Col. PIERRE TISSIER
Memories of Briand, Laval, and de Monzie.
"Of real value for a true diagnosis of the political causes of the débâcle."
—TABLET.
Drawings by Kem. 5/- *net*
HARRAP BOOKS
GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE English humorists! Through a fog compounded of tobacco smoke, the stink of spirits nd the breath of bailiffs, we see their melancholy faces. Look at the face of Thomas Hood, his eyes swollen with solemnity, his mouth pouting with sadness. There is that terrible account of his last days in Canon Ainger's *Memoir*, where we see the poet famous, forty-six, bankrupt and dying of heart disease, writing farewells to his friends and unable to stop making puns. They beset him like a St. Vitus dance. They come off his lips in an obsessional patter as if his tongue had become a machine, his mind a lunatic asylum of double meanings. And around him his doting family and his friends are weeping, "Poor Tom Hood." This is one of the too many lachrymose scenes of Victorian biography. It brims with that home-brewed distillation of laughter and tears which is handed round like a negus from the chiffonier of the lighter Victorian literature. The savage and vital indignation of the eighteenth century, its moral dogmatism, its body full of laughter and its roars of pain, have gone; melodrama replaces morality, a sprite-like pathos, all grace and tears, and inked by fear of life, steps in where Caliban groaned and blubbered. I believe it was Charles Lamb who called Thomas Hood "our half-Hogarth," and that is the measure of the difference between the two periods.

Hood marks that difference well. Only in Goldsmith do we find a tenderness comparable to his. We look at the eighteenth century and, when all is said, we can hardly deny that it had a coherent and integrated mind. It is a mind not deeply divided against itself. The proper study of mankind is man, who is very corrupt, but presently he will cast off his chains and become a free child of nature. By the end of the century the chains are removed. And what is the result? Hood's early nineteenth century shows us. Man has split into two and has disappeared. He has become the middle class and the poor. No longer, like Swift, do we feel horror of mankind; on the contrary, looking at the little circle of mankind in which we live, we find the species has very much improved. At Clapham, at Wanstead Flats, even in Russell Square and Fleet Street, he is kindly, charitable and good. Our horror moves from man as a whole to a section of men. We are horrified, we are frightened—philanthropical and well policed though we are—by the poor. For generations now we shall not stop talking about the poor. Do we pull down the Venetian blinds and turn to conceits and fancies because this fear is always searing the edge of our consciousness like distant lightning? The feeling is that outside the sitting-room is an undefined world of wickedness, hunger, catastrophe and crime. Pickpockets are nabbed, poachers are imprisoned, desperate labourers threaten arson and children go to the mills and up the chimneys; the press gang and transportation are living memories and sailors drown—oh, how many sailors drown!—in catastrophic storms. These terrible things happen—to the poor. Or are we to take it that the romantic German influence is tumbling pell-mell into the literature of this century, and that the Cruikshank who scares and the Mr. Punch (on Dicky Doyle's cover) who looks obscene, are a Gothic invasion of skinny or pot-bellied grotesques?

Hood, who was a Cockney with a Scottish parentage, writes very early in his career of "doing something in the German manner." In his serious verses he is romantic, with his eye on Shakespeare, Scott and Keats. But this is the unreadable part of Hood. These serious verses, if one excepts pieces of singular purity like "I remember, I remember," hardly amount to more than poetic dilutions for the family album, though contemporaries like Lamb, Southey and Byron had a higher opinion of them. Hood's best work is inflected, I suggest, by the basic early-Victorian fear and the fancies to which it led. He is on the side of the poor, of course, and wrote for the early, unsuccessful Radical *Punch*; but the Hood of *The Song of the Shirt*—which trebled the circulation of *Punch*—*The Lay of the Labourer* and *The Bridge of Sighs* is the dying Hood who is touched by the indignation of the hungry Forties. The earlier Hood thinks the poor are quaint and their crimes can be sardonically disinfected. The result is a vein of fanciful horror which fathered a whole school of ballad writing:

> The body-snatchers they have come,
> And made a snatch at me;
> It's very hard them kind of men
> Won't let a body be!
>
> You thought that I was buried deep
> Quite decent-like and chary
> But from her grave in Mary-bone
> They've come and boned your Mary.

That is from *Mary's Ghost.* I could have quoted from *The Volunteer* or *Death's Ramble.* There is *The Carelesse Nurse Mayd:*

> I saw a Mayd sitte on a Bank
> Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond;
> And whiles his flatteryinge Vowes she drank,
> Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond!
>
> All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist
> For She was Fayre and He was Kinde;
> The Sunne went down before she wist
> Another Sonne had sett behinde!

Or from *Sally Simpkin's Lament:*

> Oh! What is that comes gliding in
> And quite in middling haste?
> It is the picture of my Jones,
> And painted to the waist.
>
> Oh Sally dear, it is too true—
> The half that you remark
> Is come to say my other half
> Is bit off by a shark.

Gilbert, Lear, Carroll, Thackeray, the authors of *Struwelpeter* and the cautionary tales continue this comic macabre tradition, which to-day appears to be exhausted. There is Mr. Belloc, who digressed intellectually; and there are the bitter sardonic ballads of Mr. William Plomer. He has added brilliantly the horrors of vulgarity to the horrors of crime and accident.

Hood's special idiosyncrasy is to turn the screw of verbal conceit upon his subjects. In *Eugene Aram* alone he cut out these tricks, even forbearing in the last verse when his temptation was always strongest. How was it Hood failed to ruin what are, I think, the most horrifying dramatic lines in English narrative verse? But if Hood's puns are often disastrous, they do frequently show, as Walter Jerrold (Hood's biographer) has said, a kind of second sight. They are like the cackle out of the grave in *Hamlet*. They add malice to the knife and give the macabre its own morbid whimsicalities. Take that terrible poem *The Last Man*. The earth has been desolated by plague and only two men are left alive. They meet at a gallows and one, out of jealousy, decides to hang the other. He does so and is left, wracked by conscience, to lament that he cannot commit suicide:

> For there is not another man alive,
> In the world to pull my legs.

The wit in *Death's Ramble* shocks one first of all and then freezes the blood one degree colder. Death sees two duellists:

> He saw two duellists going to fight,
> In fear they could not smother;
> And he shot one through at once—for he knew
> They never would shoot each other.

And the comic funk of *The Volunteer* gets a grotesque double meaning. He hears the alarum:

> My jaws with utter dread, enclos'd
> The morsel I was munching,
> And terror lock'd them up so tight,
> My very teeth went crunching
> All through my bread and tongue at once
> Like sandwich made at lunching.

To the poor Hood draws our attention by shuddering and laughing with them at the same time. The detachment which he uses in writing about crime and catastrophe, goes when he is putting the case of the poor. Then he writes with something like the long-winded flat statement of the broadsheets. These odes and poems lumber along. There is the washerwoman's attack on the new steam laundry which has taken her living. There is the chimney boy's lament that the law against street cries forbids him to cry "Sweep" in the streets. Drapers' assistants plead politely with people to shop early. These are pieces of fighting journalism which time has blunted, and his pen dipped deeply into that sentimentality which the philanthropical outlook of the period demanded. He was a prolific writer, and knew how to turn out his stuff. Like Dickens he was a sentimental Radical who hoped, as Dickens also hoped, that the problem of the poor could be solved by kindness.

Hood is more inclined to let the poor or oppressed speak uncouthly for themselves, rather than to attack the rich. The long grotesque poem called *Miss Kilmansegg's Precious Leg* is an exception. It is interesting as an account of the upbringing of the perfect bourgeois young lady whose parents are rising in the world. She is brought up to be a proud heiress and one has a wonderful picture of arrogant surfeit, which recalls the awful overfed daughter of the mine-owner in Zola's *Germinal*. Money is the only subject of conversation. Then one day Miss Kilmansegg has an accident, her leg is amputated and is replaced by a golden one. Far from spoiling her chances, the golden leg doubles the number of her suitors. Her parents select the most plausible and least trustworthy one. He turns out to be a bankrupt gambler who, very soon after the wedding night, gives a knowing look at the leg and

> The Countess heard in language low
> That her Precious leg was precious slow
> A good 'un to look at, but bad to go,
> And kept quite a sum lying idle.

She refused to sell it. But unhappily she was in the habit of taking it off at night, and the Count saw his chance. Using the leg as a cudgel he bashed her brains out and absconded.

It is criminal to summarise this long poem. It is like a grotesque novel, something of de la Mare's, perhaps, packed with realistic descriptions, and if its plot groans, the lines scamper along as fast as Browning's dramatic narratives and delighted with their own wit. And here the puns give the poem a kind of muttered undertone. Hood had a great gift for domestic realism and the conversational phrase. In *Miss Kilmansegg*, he is not half a Hogarth, but Hogarth whole. Or ought one to say, half a Hogarth and the other half that fanciful melodramatic sermoniser—as Dickens was in *The Christmas Carol*—which the nineteenth century loved? Laboured the poem is but it is alive.

Hood's wit quietened and compassion grew upon him in his last years. *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Lay of the Labourer* last very well in their genre, because of their metrical brilliance and because they are taken directly from life. One would want to remove only two or three lines of self-parody from *The Bridge of Sighs*. Hood is as well-documented as the realistic novelists were to become. *The Lay of the Labourer* is based on a true incident. An agricultural labourer was convicted for threatening arson because he could not get work or food and Hood kept the newspaper cutting about the event on his mantelpiece until he wrote the poem. The sentiment is bearable, the rant is bearable, because the facts cry out and are so tellingly reported. One must regret that his feeling for narrative, his instinct for the right tune to put it in and his kind of conscience too, died out of verse with the Victorians. In the higher regions where Hardy lived, as in the lower regions of the music hall, the art of writing dramatic stories in verse, seems to have gone for good.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world, costs: Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* New subscriptions now only accepted as and when lapsed ones make copies available.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 2*s.* 3*d.* per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box numbers 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, but insertion not guaranteed.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

making is thrown on what the *Times* called "the positive inducements to peace" as against "the negative deterrents to war" the more successful and durable the peace is likely to be. It is now being more generally accepted that the central task of peace-making is not so much to erect physical barriers against war as to establish the psychological, social and economic conditions which make for peace—a peace which by its very nature men will consider worth preserving.

One final point: The National Peace Council is aware of the need to face squarely such issues as Mr. Mander raises, but the purpose of the Council as a co-ordinating body is not so much to urge particular solutions as to promote the widest possible discussion and research into the issues, first among its associated bodies and then among the wider public. The Peace Aims Conference meets at regular intervals, and the outstanding contributions to the Conference and other material bearing on the peace aims problem are reproduced in the parallel series of Peace Aims Pamphlets and Documents. Finally, the Council issues a carefully digested survey, with editorial comment, of opinions—both official and unofficial—on these questions in its bi-monthly bulletin *Peace Aims*. It was for all this work that we ventured to appeal to the liberality of your readers.

GERALD BAILEY,
Director, The National Peace Council

THE USE OF THE LAND

SIR,—You chide me for my expression of disappointment that you should let the absence of a recommendation to nationalise the land be the ground for damning the Scott Report. My answer is to refer you to the more recent Uthwatt Report, which, I note, meets with your approval. In paragraph 47 they write: "we have no doubt that land nationalisation is not practicable as an immediate measure, and we reject it on that ground alone." They then give three objections to its immediate practicability, the first of which is that it "would arouse keen political controversy," and that "Delay, to say the least, would result."

Writing on behalf of the Ramblers' Association I was rightly at pains to express no opinion pro or con the political issue of Nationalisation, which you tell me you do not consider a panacea, but a *sine qua non*, a judgment which the Uthwatt Committee does not seem to share.

You remind me of the many plans evolved during the last war and pigeon-holed for lack of political courage. May I suggest that, despite all signs to the contrary, we have moved on since then, and the fact that we drew blank then is no reason for assuming we shall do so again, provided we have the good will of the public, and of journals such as yours?

Finally, you ask me a tendentious question regarding my personal problems as a farmer. May I assure you that the County War Agricultural Executive Committee, and various other Government Departments, have legal rights over all my land, some helpful and efficient, some merely bureaucratic and obstructive. Control of this sort is going a long way to prepare us for Nationalisation, but I like to think that the preparation is two-sided, and that when the time is ripe for land nationalisation bureaucracy will have learnt how to avoid being as great an "obstructionist" as that scapegoat the landlord.

But as one whose chief interest is to see that the townsman can enjoy and appreciate all that the country has to offer in ways of recreation, peace and beauty, may I, not in vain, urge you to give your invaluable support to the many and far-reaching suggestions in the Scott Report, which indeed is for us a veritable charter of our needs and aspirations?

KENNETH SPENCE

Cwmcarvan Court, Monmouth.

[Our articles on the Scott and Uthwatt Reports welcomed the "catalogue of rural reforms" of the former and the principle of control of land development in the public interest of the latter. Both these committees have made sound proposals. Their object is right. But those who will the end must will the means also. The National Planning Authority of the Uthwatt Committee might go some way to controlling undeveloped land, but it falls far short of the nationalisation we regard as necessary for the proper planning of Britain, and which the Uthwatt Report only does not discuss for political reasons.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A REQUEST

SIR,—Probably very few of your civilian readers are aware of the rapid growth of the scheme of Army Education, and of the tremendous stirring of interest in the problems of the day among men and women in the services, who had not previously taken their responsibilities as citizens very seriously. Although it is still tentative this stirring is an undoubted fact.

As the officer responsible for the education scheme on anti-aircraft sites in and around London, it is my business to foster and stimulate this interest; one of the best ways is to encourage the reading of the weekly reviews. May I therefore ask any of your readers who would be prepared to post their NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to an anti-aircraft unit in London each week, when they have read it, to communicate with me here.

I can assure anyone who is generous enough to respond to this appeal that their old copies of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be a great help in our work of education for citizenship.

MICHAEL MACOWAN,
Captain,
Staff Officer, Education.

247 Knightsbridge, S.W.7.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

SIR,—It would interest many to know in what newspaper and in what year literary contests for prizes similar to the one which is so agreeable a feature of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION began. Sixty-two years ago, when I was an apprentice of twenty at the *Athenæum* Press, Tooks Court, off Holborn, on which paper I worked from 1876 to 1902 as a compositor, I was a frequent competitor in a precisely similar weekly competition to the one you promote. It was in the old *Weekly Dispatch*, the prize was two guineas (usually divided), and among the contestants I particularly remember the name of Sax Rohmer. The subjects set were usually eight or sixteen lines of verse on current topics, and my success was such that the late Henry Chance Newton, of the old *Referee*, advised me to try my hand at song-writing. I took his advice, and my very first lyrics, "If it wasn't for the 'Ouses in Between," and "It's a Great Big Shame," for the late Gus Elen, were hits, and are still remembered by many old music-hall frequenters of the 'nineties. But for this prize competition I should not have written songs for many stage favourites. Tastes have changed, and at eighty-two I find my style of humour out of date.

EDGAR BATEMAN

THE FUEL TARGET

SIR,—The Ministry of Fuel suggests one-fifth of fuel expenditure in one household should be allocated to cooking. Anxious to conform, I divided by five the one hundred and ten units which comprise my target for the year. Twenty-two cooking units (I cook on oil) give me under one half-gallon of paraffin a week, i.e., three-quarters of an hour's total cooking-heat a day. Over a period of seven days I can, while boiling one breakfast kettle and one pan of potatoes and frying two rashers, produce from the oven beneath, the following: one stew, taking three cooking-days; one fruit cake, taking two; one fruit pie, taking one; one baked fish dish, one; one milk pudding, two; one casserole of mixed vegetables, two; and a couple of cheese mixtures, using three between them.

Can some algebraically-minded reader tell me on which days it will be possible for me, by forgoing breakfast entirely, to re-heat a sufficiency of these dishes to make up a couple of lunches and suppers?

(Mrs.) M. VICKERS

MEMORY
EFFICIENCY
AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT

By J. Louis Orton. 4/6
This book tells how to acquire a photographic memory. In mastering its contents, doubt, indecision, and fear disappear. Inferiority complex is conquered by a confidence based upon the firm foundation of a well-trained mind.

MIND YOUR MIND: Simple Psychology for the Layman
By William Welby. 5/6
To enable the ordinary man and woman to appreciate and understand the elements of Psychology this book has been written.

HIGH AND LOW BLOOD PRESSURE
By Jas. C. Thomson. 4/-
The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained in this new book.

KNOW THY BODY: The Wonders Within Us
By Medicus, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., C.M. 4/-
The most entertaining psychological work ever written. This book explains the working of every human organ. You will understand yourself the better by reading this popular work.

THE CURE OF STAMMERING, STUTTERING and other Functional Speech Disorders
By J. Louis Orton. 3/4
The simple non-operative means which have cured thousands are clearly set out in this successful book.

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES
By H. Benjamin. 4/6
The Author cured himself of rapidly approaching blindness and has embodied his successful methods in his book for the benefit of all sufferers.
Mentioned by the "Brains Trust" in a recent broadcast.

HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR
By J. C. Thomson. 1/6
Giving details of home treatment for Hair and Scalp disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Falling Hair, etc., etc.

Prices include postage. Obtainable through your Booksellers or direct from:
THORSON'S *Publishers*,
Dept. 169, 91, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue FREE on request.

'TWIXT TRENT AND TWEED'

The Yorkshire Post

Voice of the North

There are times when we need some guidance to focus the happenings of the world to our own daily lives. Why not look for that guidance in The Yorkshire Post? Its fearless criticisms, its forthright and independent opinions and its responsible judgments have earned it the respect of all who read it regularly.

THE
YORKSHIRE
POST

Ask, to see it at your Club, Library or Newsagent

Y.P.5

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF OUR RUSSIAN ALLY
(*Kindergarten age*)

LITTLE IVAN, by Pavlo Tychina (*translated by G. Shelley*). 24 pages and cover, all in colours. Clever pictures, many full-page. An amusing story, in prose and verse. 2/- (*large size*).

UNCLE STEPAN THE GIANT (*translated by Kathleen Taylor*). 24 pages of prose, with many pictures in black-and-white, cover in colours. A jolly tale of a happy giant. 2/- (*large size*).

PILOT PRESS LTD.

RETREAT IN THE EAST
O. D. GALLAGHER
Story of *Repulse*, Malaya and Burma, including the fall of Rangoon, the work of the A.V.C., etc.
Illustrated. 8/6 *net*

I WORKED WITH LAVAL
Lt.Col. PIERRE TISSIER
Memories of Briand, Laval, and de Monzie.
"Of real value for a true diagnosis of the political causes of the débâcle."
—TABLET.
Drawings by Kem. 5/- *net*

HARRAP BOOKS
GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The English humorists! Through a fog compounded of tobacco smoke, the stink of spirits and the breath of bailiffs, we see their melancholy faces. Look at the face of Thomas Hood, his eyes swollen with solemnity, his mouth pouting with sadness. There is that terrible account of his last days in Canon Ainger's *Memoir*, where we see the poet famous, forty-six, bankrupt and dying of heart disease, writing farewells to his friends and unable to stop making puns. They beset him like a St. Vitus dance. They come off his lips in an obsessional patter as if his tongue had become a machine, his mind a lunatic asylum of double meanings. And around him his doting family and his friends are weeping, "Poor Tom Hood." This is one of the too many lachrymose scenes of Victorian biography. It brims with that home-brewed distillation of laughter and tears which is handed round like a negus from the chiffonier of the lighter Victorian literature. The savage and vital indignation of the eighteenth century, its moral dogmatism, its body full of laughter and its roars of pain, have gone; melodrama replaces morality, a sprite-like pathos, all grace and tears, and inked by fear of life, steps in where Caliban groaned and blubbered. I believe it was Charles Lamb who called Thomas Hood "our half-Hogarth," and that is the measure of the difference between the two periods.

Hood marks that difference well. Only in Goldsmith do we find a tenderness comparable to his. We look at the eighteenth century and, when all is said, we can hardly deny that it had a coherent and integrated mind. It is a mind not deeply divided against itself. The proper study of mankind is man, who is very corrupt, but presently he will cast off his chains and become a free child of nature. By the end of the century the chains are removed. And what is the result? Hood's early nineteenth century shows us. Man has split into two and has disappeared. He has become the middle class and the poor. No longer, like Swift, do we feel horror of mankind; on the contrary, looking at the little circle of mankind in which we live, we find the species has very much improved. At Clapham, at Wanstead Flats, even in Russell Square and Fleet Street, he is kindly, charitable and good. Our horror moves from man as a whole to a section of men. We are horrified, we are frightened—philanthropical and well policed though we are—by the poor. For generations now we shall not stop talking about the poor. Do we pull down the Venetian blinds and turn to conceits and fancies because this fear is always searing the edge of our consciousness like distant lightning? The feeling is that outside the sitting-room is an undefined world of wickedness, hunger, catastrophe and crime. Pickpockets are nabbed, poachers are imprisoned, desperate labourers threaten arson and children go to the mills and up the chimneys; the press gang and transportation are living memories and sailors drown—oh, how many sailors drown!—in catastrophic storms. These terrible things happen—to the poor. Or are we to take it that the romantic German influence is tumbling pell-mell into the literature of this century, and that the Cruikshank who scares and the Mr. Punch (on Dicky Doyle's cover) who looks obscene, are a Gothic invasion of skinny or pot-bellied grotesques?

Hood, who was a Cockney with a Scottish parentage, writes very early in his career of "doing something in the German manner." In his serious verses he is romantic, with his eye on Shakespeare, Scott and Keats. But this is the unreadable part of Hood. These serious verses, if one excepts pieces of singular purity like "I remember, I remember," hardly amount to more than poetic dilutions for the family album, though contemporaries like Lamb, Southey and Byron had a higher opinion of them. Hood's best work is inflected, I suggest, by the basic early-Victorian fear and the fancies to which it led. He is on the side of the poor, of course, and wrote for the early, unsuccessful Radical *Punch*; but the Hood of *The Song of the Shirt*—which trebled the circulation of *Punch*—*The Lay of the Labourer* and *The Bridge of Sighs* is the dying Hood who is touched by the indignation of the hungry Forties. The earlier Hood thinks the poor are quaint and their crimes can be sardonically disinfected. The result is a vein of fanciful horror which fathered a whole school of ballad writing:

> The body-snatchers they have come,
> And made a snatch at me;
> It's very hard them kind of men
> Won't let a body be!
>
> You thought that I was buried deep
> Quite decent-like and chary
> But from her grave in Mary-bone
> They've come and boned your Mary.

That is from *Mary's Ghost*. I could have quoted from *The Volunteer* or *Death's Ramble*. There is *The Carelesse Nurse Mayd*:

> I saw a Mayd sitte on a Bank
> Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond;
> And whiles his flatteryinge Vowes she drank,
> Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond!
>
> All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist
> For She was Fayre and He was Kinde;
> The Sunne went down before she wist
> Another Sonne had sett behinde!

Or from *Sally Simpkin's Lament*:

> Oh! What is that comes gliding in
> And quite in middling haste?
> It is the picture of my Jones,
> And painted to the waist.
>
> Oh Sally dear, it is too true—
> The half that you remark
> Is come to say my other half
> Is bit off by a shark.

Gilbert, Lear, Carroll, Thackeray, the authors of *Struwelpeter* and the cautionary tales continue this comic macabre tradition, which to-day appears to be exhausted. There is Mr. Belloc, who digressed intellectually; and there are the bitter sardonic ballads of Mr. William Plomer. He has added brilliantly the horrors of vulgarity to the horrors of crime and accident.

Hood's special idiosyncrasy is to turn the screw of verbal conceit upon his subjects. In *Eugene Aram* alone he cut out these tricks, even forbearing in the last verse when his temptation was always strongest. How was it Hood failed to ruin what are, I think, the most horrifying dramatic lines in English narrative verse? But if Hood's puns are often disastrous, they do frequently show, as Walter Jerrold (Hood's biographer) has said, a kind of second sight. They are like the cackle out of the grave in *Hamlet*. They add malice to the knife and give the macabre its own morbid whimsicalities. Take that terrible poem *The Last Man*. The earth has been desolated by plague and only two men are left alive. They meet at a gallows and one, out of jealousy, decides to hang the other. He does so and is left, wracked by conscience, to lament that he cannot commit suicide:

> For there is not another man alive,
> In the world to pull my legs.

The wit in *Death's Ramble* shocks one first of all and then freezes the blood one degree colder. Death sees two duellists:

> He saw two duellists going to fight,
> In fear they could not smother;
> And he shot one through at once—for he knew
> They never would shoot each other.

And the comic funk of *The Volunteer* gets a grotesque double meaning. He hears the alarum:

> My jaws with utter dread, enclos'd
> The morsel I was munching,
> And terror lock'd them up so tight,
> My very teeth went crunching
> All through my bread and tongue at once
> Like sandwich made at lunching.

To the poor Hood draws our attention by shuddering and laughing with them at the same time. The detachment which he uses in writing about crime and catastrophe, goes when he is putting the case of the poor. Then he writes with something like the long-winded flat statement of the broadsheets. These odes and poems lumber along. There is the washerwoman's attack on the new steam laundry which has taken her living. There is the chimney boy's lament that the law against street cries forbids him to cry "Sweep" in the streets. Drapers' assistants plead politely with people to shop early. These are pieces of fighting journalism which time has blunted, and his pen dipped deeply into that sentimentality which the philanthropical outlook of the period demanded. He was a prolific writer, and knew how to turn out his stuff. Like Dickens he was a sentimental Radical who hoped, as Dickens also hoped, that the problem of the poor could be solved by kindness.

Hood is more inclined to let the poor or oppressed speak uncouthly for themselves, rather than to attack the rich. The long grotesque poem called *Miss Kilmansegg's Precious Leg* is an exception. It is interesting as an account of the upbringing of the perfect bourgeois young lady whose parents are rising in the world. She is brought up to be a proud heiress and one has a wonderful picture of arrogant surfeit, which recalls the awful overfed daughter of the mine-owner in Zola's *Germinal*. Money is the only subject of conversation. Then one day Miss Kilmansegg has an accident, her leg is amputated and is replaced by a golden one. Far from spoiling her chances, the golden leg doubles the number of her suitors. Her parents select the most plausible and least trustworthy one. He turns out to be a bankrupt gambler who, very soon after the wedding night, gives a knowing look at the leg and

> The Countess heard in language low
> That her Precious leg was precious slow
> A good 'un to look at, but bad to go,
> And kept quite a sum lying idle.

She refused to sell it. But unhappily she was in the habit of taking it off at night, and the Count saw his chance. Using the leg as a cudgel he bashed her brains out and absconded.

It is criminal to summarise this long poem. It is like a grotesque novel, something of de la Mare's, perhaps, packed with realistic descriptions, and if its plot groans, the lines scamper along as fast as Browning's dramatic narratives and delighted with their own wit. And here the puns give the poem a kind of muttered undertone. Hood had a great gift for domestic realism and the conversational phrase. In *Miss Kilmansegg*, he is not half a Hogarth, but Hogarth whole. Or ought one to say, half a Hogarth and the other half that fanciful melodramatic sermoniser—as Dickens was in *The Christmas Carol*—which the nineteenth century loved? Laboured the poem is but it is alive.

Hood's wit quietened and compassion grew upon him in his last years. *The Song of the Shirt* and *The Lay of the Labourer* last very well in their genre, because of their metrical brilliance and because they are taken directly from life. One would want to remove only two or three lines of self-parody from *The Bridge of Sighs*. Hood is as well-documented as the realistic novelists were to become. *The Lay of the Labourer* is based on a true incident. An agricultural labourer was convicted for threatening arson because he could not get work or food and Hood kept the newspaper cutting about the event on his mantelpiece until he wrote the poem. The sentiment is bearable, the rant is bearable, because the facts cry out and are so tellingly reported. One must regret that his feeling for narrative, his instinct for the right tune to put it in and his kind of conscience too, died out of verse with the Victorians. In the higher regions where Hardy lived, as in the lower regions of the music hall, the art of writing dramatic stories in verse, seems to have gone for good.

V. S. Pritchett

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world, costs: Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* New subscriptions now only accepted as and when lapsed ones make copies available.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 2*s.* 3*d.* per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box numbers 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, but insertion not guaranteed.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

SHORT STORIES

Best Stories of Walter de la Mare. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The First Lover. BY KAY BOYLE. *Faber.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Best Stories of William Saroyan. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Soviet Short Stories. *Pilot Press.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Short stories often prove as difficult to read as they undoubtedly are to write. They are difficult to write because they fall between the two more familiar art forms of the novel and the poem. An almost poetic degree of concentration is needed, and yet something more than poetic incident. A poem can be ruined by one word, and a short story can very easily be ruined by one sentence (how often the last !). Yet an admirable poem may say practically nothing, while from a short story some definite statement is demanded. In nearly all great novels there are deplorable passages, but the very scope of a novel's statement is able to surmount them. Tolstoy's preoccupation with Napoleonic strategy irritates, but hardly affects, a final judgment on *War and Peace.* Similarly the long repetitive passages of *La Prisonnière* and *Albertine Disparue* are at once forgotten in the passionate revived excitement of *Le Temps Retrouvé.* But the short story writer can allow himself no such indulgence. It is perhaps the most intellectual of all writing.

Short stories are difficult to read for another reason, though possibly the obverse of the difficulty which confronts the writer. A reader is unwilling to give his interest—at all times a grudging gift—to a situation which will afford him such brief returns. Thus while many great novels are able to open in a leisurely, even in a mildly boring way, a short story must somehow attack and capture the sluggish reading mind in the first few sentences. A very typical example from Chehov illustrates this :

> Pyotr Mihaelitch Ivashin was very much out of humour ; his sister, a young girl, had gone away to live with Vlassitch, a married man.

It is an inelegant opening, but it immediately presents the reader with a potentially interesting situation. From that moment on the writer can afford to lower the tempo, to introduce subsidiary issues, to paint vivid patches of description. This is by no means the only technique, but it is worth emphasising that technique of some sort or other is the backbone of an effective short story.

There have been few English or American short story writers in the first class. English fiction has always been far more digressive and long-winded than French or Russian—often a source of charm in novels, but damning to a short story. Of the three English-speaking writers under review Walter de la Mare is by far the most distinguished prose writer. He writes with a leisurely ease which is rare to-day ; his choice of words is subtle and effective, and he often achieves sustained lyrical passages of great beauty. The story called *All Hallows* is perfect in its own way—a strange and satisfying mixture of colloquial narrative and a grand, faintly archaic manner. But this writing is very much in one mood, and a heavy mood ; the first morsel is absorbing, the second still interesting, but the third is frankly dull. Fine writing, even when it is genuinely fine, is not enough, and Mr. De la Mare has no understanding of technique. These prose fragments open slowly, continue slowly and end in a strange vacuum ; nothing has quite been achieved, no statement has quite been made. The predominant atmosphere is rich and ripe, sometimes over-ripe. This is very adjectival prose, and though each adjective may be true and effective in itself, collectively they are often blurred :

> . . . and always stone walls, discoloured grass, no flower but ragged ragwort, whited fleabane, moody nettle, and the exquisite stubborn bindweed with its almond-burdened censers.

An impression begins to form, only to be submerged and lost in the rich cascade of adjectives which follows. It is too much a poet's prose. In all this writing there is a certain dignified decay, a decadence whose splendour is already phosphorescent.

In Miss Boyle's stories (a cheap reprint) decay takes a different form. She, too, is a thoughtful and in many ways a distinguished writer, and she clearly respects the technique of this strenuous craft. But influences lie heavy on her, and these stories are remarkable for the variety of literary ghosts fluttering uneasily among the pages. A passage of raw Lawrence is followed by the lush cooing of Katherine Mansfield, shattered from time to time by a dry little bark from Hemingway ; there is even a dim architectural echo of Henry James. Miss Boyle is a cornucopia, brimming with the harvest of three envied decades—purple plums, sour apples and hazelnuts. The effect is vaguely depressing. These fruits, once appreciated, have lost much of their savour in this indiscriminate regurgitation.

Sometimes Miss Boyle struggles away from her ghosts and writes a story entirely of her own. The result is crisp and direct, as in that admirable account of eighteenth-century America, *The Man who died Young.* It is significant that Miss Boyle writes best when she seems most remote from Europe, worst when the Dôme or the Café Royal is just round the corner.

William Saroyan is also a transatlantic writer ; it is doubtful, for all his insistence on race, whether he could be established in any Armenian tradition. There is no doubt at all about this writer's preoccupation with technique, but too often technique has degenerated into the naïvest of literary tricks.

> I am writing a serious story, perhaps one of the most serious I shall ever write. That is why I am being flippant. Readers of Sherwood Anderson will begin to understand what I am saying after a while ; they will know that my laughter is rather sad.

This crude attempt to establish a premature intimacy with the reader is as offensive as a pass made without any preliminaries. If Mr. Saroyan's laughter is rather sad, he can easily make that plain to us without screaming across the footlights. Nearly all the early stories are marred by this lack of taste. Pity, though energetically exploited, is too loud and blatant to have any effect. It is only in his later stories that Saroyan reveals himself as a humorous writer of real talent. His loud, self-conscious naivety has become far more artful and sophisticated. He has largely shed his oddities, and, as with Miss Boyle, his least odd stories are by far his best. Though a less interesting writer than Miss Boyle and greatly inferior to Mr. de la Mare, the later Saroyan has a subtler technique than either of them.

In this field the Russian tradition is far richer than the English, the American or, I suspect, the Armenian. All the stories in the new collection of Soviet writers are firmly planted in this tradition, and even the feeblest possesses a natural confidence which is lacking in the non-Russian writers. The simplest of these stories, *Hamlet,* is extremely naïf, but it is a Russian naivety of exultation, not a communist naivety of propaganda. Whatever criticism may be made of this collection, it cannot be on that score. There is not a passage in the whole book which suggests literary obsequiousness. Thus the first striking characteristic is that these are Russian writers all inheriting in some degree the tradition of Pushkin, Turgenev, Chehov and Gorky. None of them has written anything to equal the best of their masters ; but they have carried over an uncorrupted literary tradition into a new political society. This is in itself a considerable achievement.

The second characteristic is infallible sincerity. In Saroyan, in Miss Boyle, even at times in de la Mare, a false note is struck. In the Soviet writers there is often a certain thinness, even triviality, but there is never insincerity. Political themes are frequent, though by no means invariable, but the impression grows that these are the natural themes of a revolutionary society. Memories of the Civil War, a splendid satire on the court of the Tsar Paul, ironic references to the Plan . . . these are as natural to Soviet writers as poverty to Saroyan or his own past to de la Mare. If one were to judge from the books under review—which would be rash—the world which is in the balance on the Volga seems to have brighter literary prospects than our own.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

LIBERTY AND DESPOTISM

Intellectual Liberty and Totalitarian Claim By NORMAN H. BAYNES. Oxford. *Clarend Press.* 2*s.*
The Law of Liberty. By MARGARET M HARVEY. London. *Allen and Unwin.* Pap 1*s.* 6*d.* Cloth 2*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Baynes' Romanes lecture has th massive scholarship and moving insight that w expect from him. His theme is, in essence, le an argument than an exposition of the annihila tion of intellectual liberty in Italy and Germany and, with characteristic fairness, he shows th this annihilation is not only the reversal of a gre tradition, but that, among the scholars, there we some at least who hesitated to accept their chain Now, indeed, there is no alternative but acquiescence ; and it is illuminating to note, as th years go by, that the demand for the abdicatio of free intelligence grows ever more strong in bot countries.

The contrast is striking with the theme developed by Miss Harvey in her Swarthmore lecture. Her doctrine of freedom belongs to tha Quaker tradition which has been, for almost thre hundred years, central to the Anglo-America idea of freedom. The inner light to which sh looks for the springs of action is born of a combination of mysticism and individualism which ha German affiliations on the first side but none, after the Thirty Years' War, on the second. Ye interesting as is Miss Harvey's emphasis, I do no think it is unfair to say that, in the end, she ha no strategy of freedom to offer. She can give u a scheme of emotional preferences, and most of u would agree that these possess supreme ethica value. But she cannot tell us how they are to b preferences which shape the character of ou society. Surely as she feels the virtues of peace, for example, and equality, and of a life devoted to service instead of to self, her justification for her choices is a justification of faith which is valid only for those to whom that faith is vouchsafed. I leaves unsolved the problem of how its claims are to be secure, for example, in a world where, as in Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy, the scholar is ready to enlist in an army which regards power as the only good.

Professor Baynes, as I have said, is content to expound rather than to explain. Miss Harvey's "law" of liberty is, in truth, a technique of insight which a few special spirits in each generation are able to employ. It is, indeed, worth remarking that, devoted as has been the attention of the Society of Friends to its history, its scholars have not solved some of the main problems by which they are confronted. And it is difficult not to suspect that the reason of this failure lies in their refusal to contemplate the issues involved in the transition from individual insight to social action. From this angle it is possible that most Quaker histories, in their natural admiration for George Fox, have distributed wrongly the emphasis of their narrative. For there was a Quakerism which, as in the writings of James Nayler and Hubberthorne, had close relations with the pattern of ideas we find in the Left wing of Cromwell's Ironsides. Fox himself had little interest in that pattern. He was a profound individualist to whom social principles were, compared to fellowships with God, of little importance. It was Fox's view which prevailed in the Society ; and it is arguable that, because it prevailed, the Quaker tradition has been one of noble charity instead of social renovation. I am not even sure that a strong case could not be made out for the view that Fox was the anodyne in the Puritan rebellion that John Wesley was in the Industrial Revolution. He made possible a combination of protest and acquiescence which enabled his followers to regret its character even while they accepted the acquisitive society. This combination still dominates the main lines of Miss Harvey's thought. That is the outcome of Fox's establishment of so complete an authority over his followers.

Little of this tradition has much meaning in German history ; after the bloody suppression of nabaptism, German mysticism rarely developed social content, but was a way of escape from the roblems of this world. The main religious ources of political thought in Germany were utheran and Catholic, and, after about 1600, oth these elements strengthened the claims of e State upon the individual. In this sense the rim picture that Professor Baynes here draws for s is almost inevitably the outcome of a history in hich democratic theory developed too late to be ooted in the consciousness of the German eople. Our post-war problem is to see that, this ime, the environment of the philosopher is one which he is judge not less than advocate of the tate-power.

HAROLD J. LASKI

ESCAPE TO SOUTH AMERICA

eet the South Americans. By CARL CROW. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Meet the South Americans: if only one ould ! Mr. Crow's title is breath-taking; we ust pause awhile, like the reader of *The Thousand nd One Nights*, before going farther. Meet the —well, well. A map of South America confronts us. It hangs—this least regarded of coninents—with a certain ease in Mercator, like some ea-creature balancing on its tail. Three thousand iles across, four down. Asuncion, Rio de aneiro, Barranquilla—what names; though, as ames, no finer than Guernica, Sédan, Sevastopol. ut the eye moves here without terror. The mazon hasn't been crossed; the Andes aren't he last stronghold between us and death. nd it's in something of a daze that one wanders nto the opening chapter of passport worries nd the tourist racket. Hours on a waterront. What hotel to choose. Tipping. "It would have been especially tough on an Englishman for he would have missed his afternoon tea." There—thinks the escapist reader—at Rio I should have missed my cup of tea—by God, yes! The anachronism, at first somewhat jarring, begins to persuade; after all there was, there still is, when we look for it, that world of *avant le déluge*; the date is '41, but it might be, with a few changes, September '42; Mr. Crow sips his coffee, chats with barbers and politicians, muses, criticises, strikes off another thousand miles this way or that; and it's not a daydream, incredulity whittles away as town after town, country after country, appear lit with the same serene indifference. In a world at war there are only two states of mind to encounter; innocence and experience. Either the stroke has fallen or it hasn't; either you know as an individual or a country, or you don't know. Mr. Crow's South Americans don't know, even though some of them now are actively at war. Meet—as he says—the South Americans.

I have never been to South America, and that is my sole qualification for reviewing the book. Mr. Crow writes for the "general reader." He popularises in the best sense; as those who have read his books on China will remember. *Meet the South Americans* is more tourist; but it reveals the same workmanlike manner, the same business eye and—what so rarely goes with it—a sympathetic interest in people. He is interested rather in people at large, families, classes, nations, than in individuals. He's no great dab at scenery and his "encounters" carry more point than insight. That is to say, he is a reporter, but a reporter who writes well and has a background. The triviality of many passages in this new book will suddenly be anchored by an unexpected reference; speaking for example, in the usual journalistic terms about long periods of mourning, he is reminded of the Koreans, who ended by adopting the compulsory mourning garb as a national costume. There are good, because knowledgeable, descriptions of an Aztec-Christian shrine in the Andes, of past Incas and Nazi *gauleiters* of the future, of architecture and feudalism in general.

And even on the most superficial level of news values, how readable, how crammed his book is! No Brazilian barber will accept a tip, preferring even small wages to loss of pride. The biggest mosaic in the world is provided by the pavements of Rio. Brazil is larger than the United States. No one can enter Peru without a certificate from the police of his native city testifying to his good character; and the visitor *leaving* Peru has to register his thumb-print. The J. Walter Thompson Company of New York once investigated the incidence of blondes in South America and found it to be 39 per cent. There are four grades of coffee, and so high is the standard that no coffee finds its way into grade one; grade two goes to America, grades three and four to Europe. The booby is a simple-minded gannet that supplies the frigate bird with fish and the world markets with guano. The homicide rate in Colombia is 50 per cent. higher than anywhere else in the world (peace standard). Panama hats come from Ecuador. In Lima spring and autumn plants flower together all the year round. Quinine was discovered in Peru, etc. Facts of this kind bob up everywhere.

Every one of the ten South American countries (Guiana is left out of Mr. Crow's journeys) has its own admixture of population, its own landscapes, towns, customs, to attract the collector of *choses vues*. We are swept from the tesselated streets of Rio to an Indian village of mud huts on stilts, from uplands and llama herds to the Avenida Florida in Buenos Aires, the world's smart centre; there is a charming description of Lima, with its balconies, courts and grilled gateways, which makes it sound like a tropical Aix-en-Provence; epic poems are written in Bogota, and recited through loud-speakers for hours; coffee and bananas—the main exports—colour whole landscapes and open industrial vistas almost as fascinating—it is much to Mr. Crow's credit that he avoids writing in technicolor of all these things. Here is his account of Brazilian jungle (seen from the train between Sao Paulo and Santos):

> The short trip provides an instructive sample of the topography of Brazil. Even before leaving the elevated plain on which Sao Paulo is built the train passes mile after mile of alternating swamp, jungle and forest. Were it not for the constant battle against the cruel vegetable growth of the jungle this very fine railway would soon be covered and disappear from view under the tropical growth of trees and creepers. Everywhere in the jungle you can see evidence of the constant struggle and the ever-recurring cycle of birth, life and death. Creeping vines surround a tree and thrive on its sap. Eventually the tree dies and so do the vines when deprived of their natural food. The whole mass of vegetation falls to the ground to rot and for a brief space of time there is a comparatively bare spot in the jungle. Then another tree grows, the vines again strangle it and again all die together. This is the constantly recurring cycle in the jungle interrupted only when man clears and plants it.

That is a very fair sample of Mr. Crow's style. He applies it impartially to jungle, fashion parade, ancient stones, Nazi infiltration, and the economic structure.

Some generalisation, says Mr. Crow, is possible about South America. One finds, with variations, in all of these countries respect for culture and disdain of business, feudal habits, inherited wealth, pride of race, a bureaucracy that strangles progress. Family position and a university degree are essential for the statesman in a society "top-heavy with politics." In no other country in the world are literature and high political office so closely allied. The President of Colombia, Dr. Manuel Prado, is a poet. The American

Shaverwocky

(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

'Twas shaving, and the bristly gents
Did writhe and wrestle in the morn
All anguished were their teguments
And their follicles out-torn.

'Beware the Scrapershave my son,
The blades that bite, the hairs that catch
Beware the Bristlechin and shun
The stubbling Razorsnatch.'

He took his sharp, bright blade in hand
And water hot—an ample stream
To tame his beard he commandeered
Parke-Davis Shaving Cream.

And as with deftish stroke he swept
The whiskers from his physiog
The Scrapershave the ghost upgave
And died as dead as dog.

One two! One two! and through and through
The silky blade went snicker-snack'
He felt his chin and with a grin
He went clean-shaven back.

'Oh, thou hast slain the Scrapershave,
The credit's thine, P.D.S.C.!
Oh beardless day, Callooh, Callay!'
He chortled in his glee.

'Twas shaving—the once bristly gents
Have chins as smooth as any dream
For they have learned real shaving sense
Parke-Davis Shaving Cream!

Try Parke - Davis Shaving Cream for yourself! It will give you a quicker, smoother shave than ever before! Your chemist sells large tubes.

HAVANHAVANA FLAVOUR

Enjoy the full fragrance, aroma and taste of the fine imported Cigar Leaf in CIGARLETS . . . Cigars in miniature in a cigarette paper wrapping.

20 for 2/-

Cigar-lets

THE 15 MINUTE CIGAR

FROM ALL GOOD TOBACCONISTS & N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

Working longer hours?

Meet the added demand upon energy with nourishing HOVIS. It is rich in protein and fat and provides vitamins for building bodily tissues. When strength is taxed through longer hours...

Make it up with

HOVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT Macclesfield

Look to the Future

"We are handing on an extraordinary difficult world to the next generation, and we owe it to the children to think of their welfare, and certainly the homeless children." Of our family of over 6,000, all are homeless in the true sense of the word. Please help us to provide NOW for these little ones.

WAIFS & STRAYS
SOCIETY
JOEL ST., PINNER, MIDDX.
Bankers: Barclays Ltd.

press draw attention to the fact as something extraordinary, but it would be more extraordinary, says Mr. Crow, if the President of Colombia was not a poet. South Americans pride themselves on their writers: is this, like so many of their boasts, merely a flourish, the trimming of feudal-liberal ideals? Unfortunately, Mr. Crow can tell us nothing about the literature of South America because he reads none of its languages. He was only a visitor (a very assiduous one) and his book does not pretend to do more than flip over the pages of its subject. Within those limits it is shrewd, vivid and informative, and—for the war-weary mind—a delightful escape into zones that are not yet war zones.

G. W. STONIER

PARIS UNDER THE GERMANS

Death and To-morrow. By PETER DE POLNAY. *Secker and Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

By origin and passport a Hungarian, Mr. de Polnay is English by education, writes novels in our language, and gives to this country his first loyalty. He was in Paris from May to October, 1940; then he got himself smuggled into the Vichy zone, was twice imprisoned in Marseilles, walked across the mountains in Spain, was again imprisoned, pretended to be a British subject, and at last reached Gibraltar. One wishes he had added an account of his experiences there and in England; it cannot have been easy for him to prove his good will.

Mr. de Polnay's account of Paris during the first few months of the German occupation is much the most vivid that has been published. He speaks fluently German as well as French; so he supported himself, and several of his friends, by peddling to German soldiers little views of Paris made for the purpose by a painter he knew. He soon found these were easier to sell if he pretended they were his own work. Talking to Germans thus became his means of livelihood; and his Hungarian passport encouraged their confidences. He met only one fanatical Nazi of the type that finds Wotan a more venerable figure than the Jew Jesus, but everywhere he found "the simple, straightforward German creed: war, and world-dominion on the other side of it." In cultivated Germans who admired French painting no less than in the gross soldiery that treated Paris as a Capua of drink, food and women, he found the same conviction that Germany was entitled and destined to enslave all other peoples:

> They believed now in Hitler as they'd believed two decades ago in the Kaiser. They were ready to die for their Führer, no doubt about that. . . . The morale was based on an utter lack of thinking individually. . . . Self-satisfaction and insinuation. The two most conspicuous German characteristics. . . .
>
> With very rare exceptions the Germans I met broke their word; easily, as though the most natural thing in the world, without giving it a single thought. If a German said he would see you the next day, then most certainly he would not.

Mr. de Polnay, it is clear, does not like Germans, though he has seen so much of them. There was one who did not share their otherwise universal confidence in a quick victory, a little red-faced Junker. He contended that the Germans were a nation of suicides. Whenever in history Germany began to rise she went and committed suicide. Why, Mr. de Polnay asked, did Germany want to kill everybody around her before she finished herself off? The answer came pat: "What right has the rest of the world to live, if we die because we don't know how to live?"

Mr. de Polnay was impressed by the genuinely Socialist and egalitarian ways incorporated in the National Socialist system. But he concludes:

> The immense advantage of the Nazi racket was that it hid from the eye of the innocent and credulous the well-worn German aim. Men of defeated France asked themselves whether they should be Nazis or not. That was a matter open for discussion. They didn't ask whether they were going to remain Frenchmen or become German slaves, and that was a great gain for Germany. The *Weltanschauung* brought confusion and they profited by it.

It was even subtly suggested that the French understood the arts of life and would, like the conquered Greeks, act as teachers (or *maîtres d'hôtel*) to their conquerors. Some of the artists and intellectuals among Mr. de Polnay's friends swallowed the bait, and for nearly three months there seemed a danger of the French collaborating. The health and solid equipment of the German army filled with astonishment and admiration the French, who had been told, especially by German refugees, that the Nazis were bluffing, that their tanks were made of cardboard, that the mass of the people hated Hitler. (Mr. de Polnay seems to fancy that these stories were part of the German plan; I suggest rather that they were what is called "wishful thinking.") The French *bourgeoisie*, moreover, who had been told the Germans would rape and torture, found them at first wonderfully "correct." But within three month there was a signal change. The Germans cou not keep up their correctness—they lied, looted brutalised—and the English went on fighting After the battle of Britain Mr. de Polnay foun few French who were not praying for the defe of Germany. And he received much sympath from strangers who supposed him to be English The simpler people had remained robust through-out. (He has a word of special admiration for the charwomen.) Now, only a handful of busine men and intellectuals had anything but hatred for the enemy.

Mr. de Polnay was very courageous in Paris He spread anti-German stories, he typed anti-German leaflets. One of his fellow-workers wa shot, he was himself arrested by the Gestapo, and slipped across the line of demarcation only ju in time to escape a second arrest. Marseilles wa packed with people trying to escape from France, and of crooks who battened on them, taking va sums for forged papers and then denouncing them to the police. Our author was denounced as "Gaulliste"—the name given to anyone who does not accept defeat—by a man in the French Army who pretended that his one object was to get to England. He turned out to be an *agent provocateur*. (Incidentally ought we not to have an English word for such persons, now that our own Government makes so much use of them?) The man's name was Van den Bock, so one may hope that he was not born a Frenchman. He landed Mr. de Polnay in a Marseilles prison, which was a nightmare. In France, as in the United States, there has been no organised demand for prison reform, no Howard League. But while one understands Mr. de Polnay's anxiety to describe his hideous experiences, this part of his book adds little to our knowledge.

He has retained his love of the French, but his book is often painful to read, for he writes without illusion about the weaknesses, and worse, that made the German conquest so easy. But he concludes justly that, even if all Frenchmen had had the true spirit, the Panzers and Stukas would still have defeated France. One advantage is that to-day all the dregs of the country have come to the top, and one can look forward to their being effectively skimmed. To-day, for every Frenchman who collaborates there are fifty who hope.

Mr. de Polnay does not command a very elegant style, but his comments are often acute, and he has a novelist's eye for detail. The first half of his book I therefore strongly recommend.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

★ALL that a pipe-lover could desire

★ A LIEUT. COMMANDER R.N. on

JOHN SINCLAIR'S

Barneys

Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), 1 oz. 2/5d.

"Rest-therapy" may be the solution to your INDIGESTION ★

PERHAPS, in the parlance of palliatives, you have "tried everything"—everything except the oldest, simplest and most effective therapy—Rest. Give your strained digestion a course of rest and it will recover its natural powers. So, follow this simple rule. Never eat a full meal when you are tired or worried. Instead, drink a cup of Benger's Food. Benger's soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a chance to recuperate and build up its strength. Yet it provides the warmth and nourishment the body needs but in a form it can fully absorb without discomfort or digestive strain.★

★Benger's contains natural active enzymes

Benger's, to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all good chemists and grocers—The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

Royal Earlswood Institution

REDHILL — SURREY

Patron: H.M. THE KING

Approved and commended by leading experts for the remedial treatment of all grades of mental defects (not insanity) a real home is provided for those undeveloped persons of both sexes who need kind control under resident medical supervision. Good schools, farm, kitchen garden, and manual training in various occupations.

Admission by payment of inclusive fees from £125 per annum, or if unable to pay total cost, by the votes of Subscribers (a definite small number) with part-payment towards maintenance.

Subscriptions and Legacies earnestly desired

Full information from the Secretary, Mr. H. S. STEPHENS, at the Institution.

K·L·G

Sparking PLUGS

Official statistics prove that ignition failure is responsible for more breakdowns than anything else.

Reliability is an essential in wartime.

K·L·G "Corundite" plugs will never let you down.

'CORUNDITE'
5/-
K.L.G

reek Literary Papyri. Vol. I (Poetry). Translated by Denys L. Page. **Cicero, De Oratore, Books I and II.** Translated by E. W. SUTTON and H. RACKHAM. **Cicero, De Oratore, Book III and De Fato, Paradoxa Stoicorum, De Partitione Oratoria.** Translated by H. RACKHAM. **Pliny, Natural History, Vol. II, Books III to VII.** Translated by H. RACKHAM. (*Loeb Classics*). *Heinemann.* Each vol., 10*s.* cloth, 12*s.* 6*d.* leather.

The number of volumes now published in the Loeb eries is approaching 400, and there is no falling off n the high standard to which we are accustomed. n the present batch the one Greek volume is of special nterest: it assembles for the first time all the legible apyrus fragments of Greek tragedy and comedy xcept Menander) and of post-Hellenistic poetry of ll sorts, together with numerous fragments of early erse. Mr. Page has taken great pains to overcome he various difficulties of his task, and he has finally evised the book since the first edition was destroyed y enemy action on the eve of its publication early n 1941. In the three Latin volumes Mr. Rackham, f Christ's, Cambridge (who is in the front rank of he Loeb translators) has played a large part. They nclude Cicero's famous *De Oratore*, two or three of is minor philosophical and critical pieces, and another nstalment of Pliny's *Natural History*. This last deals ainly with general anthropology and with the eography and ethnography of the three continents hat made up the ancient world.

Week-end Competitions

No. 659

et by Fred Oyster

The usual prizes of two guineas and half a guinea re offered for the best set of three epigraphs (or itle-page quotations) for famous novels.

ULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number f the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and hould be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor y first post on Monday, September 28th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves he right to print in part or as a whole any matter ent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. annot be returned. When no entries reach the equired standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 656.

Set by Roger Marvell

After the deaths of eminent octogenarians, "A friend" often sends to the *Times* a personal appreciation, through the honeyed phrases of which one clearly perceives the disagreeable qualities of the deceased. A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for appreciations of this sort sent by friends of the Marquis of Steyne, Mr. Collins, Heathcliffe, Mr. Squeers, Mrs. Proudie, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Burlap, M. de Charlus, Costals, Scarlett O'Hara, Mrs. Miniver or Mr. Norris (who changed trains). Entries not to exceed 180 words, but several shots allowed.

Report by Roger Marvell

Entries were numerous and full of gusto. Mr. Squeers was much the most popular choice. I have noticed that schoolmasters (and schoolmistresses) come off badly as a class in the tributes of which invitations were invited. Subconsciously, I suppose, old pupils enjoy getting a little of their own back. Arthur Marshall, J. Taylor and G. J. Blundell did Mr. Squeers very well: Horace Wyndham caught perfectly the manner of a *Times* obituary notice, but I asked for the more personal note characteristic of "A friend." Mrs. Miniver was the next favourite: Godfrey Martin, Frank Spooner, L. W. Bailey, T. W. St. George and C. H. P. were all excellent. Mr. Norris was a highly, I think rather surprisingly, popular subject. Gerald Hamilton wrote of him with deep appreciation, but almost failed to hint that Mr. Norris had his faults. A. D. Nash was the best of the others. Allan M. Laing, Freddie, A. S. Hardwick, F. C. C., Richard Pomfret and Brenda Stewart on Mr. Collins, L. E. J. on Father Patterne S. J., Wombat and D. D. R. on Mr. Burlap, "A Native of Georgia" on Dame Scarlett Butler, all deserve high praise. I recommend that the prizes be equally divided between Godfrey Martin, Allan M. Laing and Arthur Marshall.

A FRIEND WRITES:

Mrs. Miniver's death leaves a void. As one of her well-tried friends, it gives me great pleasure to write this tribute on her passing.

She had a very sweet character, and was good, kind and gentle to all and sundry; never a sharp word, never a variation, never a frown varied this calm superiority which she possessed over the weaknesses of others; this goodness was consistent and unvaried. But beneath the sweetness, what depths!

With great good humour she always contrived to put the lower orders at their ease, so that condescension was never felt nor envy aroused, while with her elders and betters she contrived a charm of manner which disarmed them completely for the moment.

One of her most endearing qualities was that sweet and very human vanity which just let us see that even the otherwise-perfect woman may have a corner in her heart for hats and *chiffons*, and still remain perfect.

The sheer simplicity of her beauty was so carefully studied that its naturalness baffled and charmed simultaneously.

Alas, the sweetest flowers must also fade!

(GODFREY MARTIN)

SIR,—With permission I would like to supplement your remarks on the death of my friend, the Rev. William Collins, with a few personal observations. Having known him long and intimately I can vouch for his reputation as one of the rare country clergymen in the habit of taking their parochial duties, if anything, too conscientiously. He permitted no regard for his parishioners' privacy to interfere with the good of their souls and, though frequently reminding himself and others of his personal unworthiness, never failed to exact from all of humble rank a proper respect for his cloth. In an age of levellers, his profound belief in the social hierarchy was by its very emphasis a source of satisfaction to his acquaintance. His sterling qualities were solid rather than brilliant, but this did not prevent him from saying his say, without fear or favour, in his own circle. In short, he was endowed with that something higher than tact—an inflexible determination to do and say what he considered right, at whatever sacrifice of dignity, sense or self-respect.

Yours, etc.

(ALLAN M. LAING)

"A SCHOOLMASTER FRIEND" WRITES:

So Wackford Squeers has passed on and the scholastic world mourns a valuable pioneer. Of his many qualities his almost fanatical abhorrence of favouritism made perhaps the most striking impression on his boys, an impression that did not quickly fade. Keenly alive to any worthwhile innovation, he completely revolutionised dietetics in schools, advocating regular consumptions of mineral sulphur (how Arnold scoffed, I remember) and championing the economic properties of hydrated milk.

Ever a visionary, he foresaw the present servant problem and insisted that his pupils should have a practical grounding in housewifery (it was one of the few extras allowed) and many a profitable hour was spent at wash-tub and sink and elsewhere.

No Old Dotheboythian on whom "Squeery" left his mark will be surprised to hear that the call of the desk has been too strong for Mrs. Squeers, and she is opening a new establishment in rather smaller premises at Starvingham Towers. With her revised curriculum she expects to get even more out of the boys than before; it will indeed be an education.

(ARTHUR MARSHALL)

TELEPHONE RENTALS LTD.
Satisfactory Progress.
IMPORTANCE OF COMPANY'S SERVICES

THE 13th annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals, Ltd., was held on September 14th in London.

Mr Fred T. Jackson (chairman and joint managing director) said that the gross dividends from subsidiary companies showed a small decrease, amounting to £133,820, as against £136,268 for the previous year. The result for the year, before charging national taxation, was a profit of £134,085, as compared with £136,312 for last year. There was a very large increase in the charge for national taxation, and as a result of this and of the slight decrease in net profit, they had had to reduce the transfer to the general reserve to £10,000, against £25,000 for the previous year. The reserve accounts now amounted to £341,781. It was proposed to pay a final dividend of 6 per cent., less tax, making 10 per cent. for the year. Their total interest in subsidiary companies by way of shares and advances stood in the balance-sheet at £1,079,825, as compared with £1,066,824 a year ago. All their British subsidiaries had traded at a profit during the year.

The accounts indicated very clearly that the company was making progress, even though trading conditions were difficult. They still held the leading position in their particular industry, which was the provision on rental of internal tele-communication and broadcasting installations, factory time and cost control systems, etc. All the apparatus they had developed was in great demand, and many of the leading industrial concerns in the country were their subscribers.

Provided the material and labour position did not worsen, he saw no reason to anticipate any falling off in the financial results during the current year.

The report was adopted.

A Scottish War Medallist

THINK OF THESE MEN AND HELP THEM

You can imagine what perils the War is adding to the already hazardous task of our Life-boatmen.

As the War at sea intensifies, so does the Institution's call for your aid become more urgent. . . . We know you will not fail us.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Sec.

CURICONES
FOR LUMBAGO
AND ALL RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS.
USED BY OVER 7000 DOCTORS

Study at home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three exams. Wherever you are, you can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by 50 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Courses have enabled hundreds of men and Women to acquire Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. PROSPECTUS (price 3*d.*) from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

SPARE-TIME WRITING

If you are interested in writing, FICTION, JOURNALISM, POETRY, RADIO PLAYS, study at HALF-FEES by correspondence in spare time with the LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM—the only School under the direct patronage of the leading newspaper proprietors. Free advice and book "Writing for the Press" from Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

PURELY PERSONAL

IF YOU *MUST* TRAVEL—travel towards a tobacconist's. He may have a King Six Cigar to pass over for a few coppers—10½*d.*, to be exact. Excelsior!

Not a Trace of PAIN Now!

THAT Neuralgia pain has quite gone . . . . . thanks to the effect of Beecham's Powders. Why don't you try them too? They really are splendid for Summer Aches and Pains, Hay Fever, Rheumatic Twinges, Nervous Headaches and Lumbago. Their special powder form makes them QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results.

Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½d EACH